

# The Nation and The Athenæum

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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

MR. BONAR LAW's decision to resign was very hurriedly made, and his colleagues seem to have had no warning of it just before it happened. On Saturday he returned to London from the Continent and consulted doctors, who were "unable to promise improvement within a reasonable time." In consequence of this report, Mr. Bonar Law immediately sent his resignation to the King, who was at Aldershot. On Monday he underwent an operation on his throat. During these happenings all the principal Ministers, including Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon, were out of town. Mr. Bonar Law not being well enough to tender advice, the choice of a successor rested with the King, who immediately got into touch with the political leaders best able to inform him as to Conservative feeling in respect of the claims of Lord Curzon and of Mr. Baldwin. For a moment it seemed as though the odds were in favour of Lord Curzon; but Diehard resentment, having its origin in his surrender on the Lords' Veto in 1911, and accentuated by his support of the Irish Treaty, weighed heavily in the scales against him. More moderate opinion objected to him for other reasons; and it soon became apparent from the tone of the Conservative Press that, although many tributes were being paid to the services and abilities of Lord Curzon, some excuse was being sought for passing him over. This was found in the contention that the Prime Minister should be a member of the House of Commons, more especially as the official Opposition is not represented in the House of Lords. The advice tendered to the King was presumably of the same nature, for, on his return to London on Tuesday, he sent for Mr. Baldwin, who immediately undertook to form a Government.

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THREE questions instantly suggested themselves when Mr. Baldwin proceeded to his task of Cabinet-making. Would Lord Curzon continue as Foreign Secretary? Who would succeed Mr. Baldwin at the Treasury, an office which could scarcely be adequately filled by any of the occupants of the front bench in the previous Government? Would any attempt be made to heal the schism in the Conservative Party by bringing

back any of the Chamberlainite ex-Ministers? The first question was quickly answered. Lord Curzon had both sufficient magnanimity and taste for public office to consent to serve. The answers to the others are still in doubt. Sir Robert Horne seems to have been sounded in the hope that he would return to his old post as Chancellor of the Exchequer; but he announced at Glasgow on Wednesday night that he had recently undertaken business commitments which made the acceptance of office—even if he were asked to take it—impossible for him at present. Mr. Chamberlain and the other ex-Ministers entertain towards Mr. Baldwin for his action last autumn a personal bitterness, which Sir Robert does not share; and it is doubtful whether any of them will return. From the point of view of the personnel of the Ministry, which has lost in Mr. Bonar Law its one outstanding House of Commons man, Lord Robert Cecil would be a far more valuable acquisition; and in view of his recent attitude, as shown by his somewhat surprising vote for the Government on the Saar debate a fortnight ago, his acceptance of office is to be expected.

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MR. LLOYD GEORGE has lost no time in intimating that Mr. Bonar Law's resignation wipes away all pledges that may have been given by National Liberals to support a Conservative Government. The question remains, however, whether the possibility of obtaining Conservative votes at the next election may not be as effective as any pledge they gave at the last in influencing the votes of some of them in the House. It would be interesting to know, for instance, whether Sir Edward Grigg, when he heard of Mr. Bonar Law's withdrawal, abandoned his hope that he would again fight for his seat in alliance with a Tory candidate. The truth probably is that there are some National Liberals, and that Mr. Lloyd George is of their number, who wish to make their opposition to the Government more obvious and realistic; and that there are others who are reasonably happy as they are, but who, if compelled to make a choice between a move to the Left and a move to the Right, would move to the Right. In the meantime, all plans for reunion, for which Mr. Lloyd George appealed on Tuesday more

earnestly than ever, must hang fire until the necessity for some sorting-out process has been faced by National Liberalism as a whole. It is impossible so long as that party clings to a position in which it is able to make the best of two worlds.

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THE Russian reply to Lord Curzon's Note makes any breach of trading relations indefensible. It is not an impeccable document. That was not to be expected. As regards propaganda, it is nebulous and over-voluble in empty assurances; but the propaganda question is too involved and intangible to be settled out of hand by categorical undertakings. And on other points the Soviet Government has gone to surprising lengths in meeting Lord Curzon's very exacting demands. The offending Notes to the British representative at Moscow from the official Weinstein are withdrawn altogether. Regarding trawlers, the three-mile limit is conceded, pending a settlement of the wider question of territorial waters, and compensation is to be given in respect of the trawlers interfered with, including, apparently, the vessel sunk at sea when in charge of a Soviet prize crew. Compensation is also to be given in the cases of Engineer Davison and Mrs. Stan Harding, though here the Soviet Government expressly declines to admit itself at fault. In addition to the suggested conference on territorial waters, personal discussion between M. Tchitcherin and a British representative on all points at issue between the two Governments is proposed. There can be no question that the Soviet reply satisfies the present Prime Minister's insistence in the recent Commons debate on "substantial acceptance" of the British demands—despite the adverse verdict of the "Times," which, presumably under the influence of its Foreign Editor, continues to maintain on Russian questions an attitude totally at variance with its general moderation.

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ONCE more France is found frustrating the reconstruction of Europe, this time in a region that might have been considered safe from her active intervention. Hungary has recently appealed to the Reparation Commission to release her from her Reparation obligations for a period of twenty years, to enable her to raise foreign loans under the supervision of the Financial Commission of the League of Nations, on the lines that are being followed with conspicuous success in the case of Austria. Nothing could have been more desirable, for it is only by such means that the small area of increasing stability in Central Europe can be slowly extended. Great Britain and Italy strongly supported the proposal. Mr. Baldwin, in a speech to his constituents last week, openly expressed the hope that Hungary would soon be found following Austria's example, and with assistance from this country. The Reparation Commission, when dealing with Austria or Hungary, consists of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Jugo-Slavia, representing the Little Entente. The attitude of the Little Entente towards Hungary is well known, and the Jugo-Slav representative voted against the proposal. Britain and Italy voted for it. France, in pursuance of her established continental policy, supported the Little Entente. That made the votes equal, whereupon the French chairman gave his casting vote against the proposal and in favour of another, which cut out the League altogether and stipulated that part of any loan raised should be devoted to the payment of Reparations. Meanwhile, as pertinent comment on what can be achieved through the League, it is announced definitely from New York that American banks will participate to the extent of \$25,000,000 in the long-term Austrian Loan.

THE Ruhr debate in the French Chamber opened tamely on Tuesday, but it should become a good deal more lively when we get to the expected interventions by M. Loucheur and M. Briand. There are abundant signs of a growing undercurrent of dissatisfaction with the Poincaré régime, and attempts to exhibit the Ruhr adventure as a paying proposition have made small impression. Everyone knows that though the railways may be working well enough to shift a certain amount of surface coal from the dumps, there is no present prospect of getting an ounce of it raised from below ground. Meanwhile, French public opinion, when not engrossed in congratulating itself on having escaped a Curzon Premiership, is displaying a good deal of justified anxiety over relations with Belgium. The reality of the dissensions between the two countries is unmistakable, but it is very doubtful whether they will find any open manifestation. But France is sufficiently uneasy at the defection of Italy to feel disquiet over any lack of cordiality at Brussels. The Belgian Ministers concerned in the Reparation discussions have clearly set their face against any further separate negotiations by France and Germany, and they are trying already to get a general discussion between the Allies in advance of the coming German Note. There is still time for that, for the German Government is by no means ready with its new plan, nor have the manifestations of French opinion generally given it much encouragement to submit one at all. Some proposal, however, is likely to arrive in the next fortnight.

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THE International Socialists have been doing some very useful work at Hamburg in the past week. The Vienna, or "Two-and-a-half," International has wisely and by a heavy majority dissolved itself, thus ending the inevitably unsuccessful attempt to find a practical compromise between the Communism of Soviet Russia and the common-sense Socialism of this and other countries. The result is the construction of a new International, with headquarters in London and Mr. Tom Shaw, M.P. (an excellent choice), as its first secretary. It is apparently to be known simply as The International, the disappearance of rival institutions, apart from Russia, making recourse to numerals unnecessary. As a further source of strength, relations with the International Trade Union Movement of Amsterdam, broadly analogous to those existing between the Labour Party and the Trade Union Congress in this country, are likely to be established, or better still, to take shape spontaneously. The Socialists of Britain, France, Belgium, and Germany have lately given proof of their practical political ability in their drafting of Reparation proposals which the German Government seemed at one time likely to adopt bodily. At Hamburg cordiality between French and German delegates has been a marked feature of the meetings. Unfortunately, French Socialism is so far divided at present as to leave it politically impotent, but the closing of ranks at Hamburg may well stimulate concentration in the individual countries.

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IN a leader headed "England and the Pacific," the "Temps" declared last Sunday—that, by deciding to spend £9,500,000 on the naval base at Singapore, Great Britain had set an example to all nations. This decision, according to the "Temps," teaches two lessons: first, the necessity for being ready on land or sea to strike at a decisive point with all forces; secondly, that on land and sea alike, paper guarantees do not suffice. The inevitable deduction follows: "England's preparations on the Pacific, where she only counts friends, remind us of the precautions France must take on the

Rhine." Such comment confirms every fear we have expressed as to the effects of the decision. The continued existence of civilization depends on our ability to range behind international agreements such moral forces as will make a "scrap of paper," like the Washington Treaty, a valid guarantee of safety. To do this we must not merely keep to the letter of our agreements but demonstrate by our actions faith in their sanctity. It should be the task of Great Britain to set the world an example of something better than the policy of competitive panic.

THE Indemnity Bill will be taken in the House of Commons on Monday and Tuesday of next week, and will be opposed by both the Liberal and the Labour Parties. No one, of course, feels any personal hostility towards Mr. Bridgeman, or desires that he should suffer penalties of medieval harshness. But Governments which strain the law to the limit at the expense of individual citizens cannot expect the help of the Opposition if they find that it has been strained beyond the breaking point. The Bill, moreover, has serious intrinsic defects. The Government seem to intend it to be no more than a Bill to indemnify Mr. Bridgeman and his subordinates, but it is certainly more than that. It deprives the deportees of their right to damages, and confers upon them no right to compensation from the State in substitution for those damages. It is one thing to protect Mr. Bridgeman from pains and penalties under the criminal law, and quite another to take away from the deportees, many of whom are probably innocent of any crime, their existing legal rights to compensation. Furthermore, some of its phrases have aroused the suspicion that it may prevent any deportee not already released from applying for a writ of Habeas Corpus, and even that it may enable the Government to order further arrests of the same kind in the future. The Government would be well advised to meet its critics on these points at the first possible moment.

A SPECIAL conference of the Miners' Federation meets at Blackpool on May 30th. It will be remembered that a previous conference in regard to the existing wages agreement was held at the end of March, but definite action was postponed for two months in order that further negotiations should take place with the coalowners, and that the Parliamentary Labour Party might introduce a new Minimum Wage Bill: meantime, the delegates were to consult their districts more fully. Since then, as might be expected, there has been no outcome from the meeting with the coalowners, while the Minimum Wage Bill, now before Parliament, cannot be considered a reasonable proposition without State aid. There is far less support now among the miners for proposals to continue the existing agreement or merely to seek revision. Of the larger districts, Yorkshire and Northumberland are in favour of this course, but Durham, Lancashire, and South Wales have instructed their delegates to press for termination, while Scotland, with a curiously guarded resolution, inclines also in that direction. A critical position may therefore arise at this conference. Wages are very low, ranging from only 20 to 40 per cent. above pre-war; and the agreement is so framed as to postpone any advance in wages until a considerable period after trade has become profitable to the employers. It is, therefore, not surprising that the feeling against the agreement should be strongest at a time of improving trade. None the less, the miners would do well to hesitate before scrapping the agreement altogether, for it embodies principles of wage

regulation superior to any hitherto tried, which will work to their advantage later on.

THE Government had no sooner placated its rural supporters by an increased dole in relief of rates and a small but significant instalment of Protection, than it seemed to be confronted with a difficulty which might again upset the agricultural apple-cart. The late Government came to an agreement with the Canadian Government about the admission of live cattle. The negotiations were conducted by that versatile, but ill-fated, Minister, Sir Arthur Boscawen, who, before concluding the agreement, astutely consulted the leaders of the National Farmers' Union, and states that they were party to it. When, however, Sir Robert Sanders revealed to the Council of Agriculture that the agreement with Canada included not only "store" cattle, but also breeding stock, the Farmers' Union representatives protested that this is not what they understood—which is extremely probable. It is not the only time that conversations with Ministers have been misunderstood. The Canadian Government, however, understood quite clearly, and the Minister of Agriculture is pledged to introduce an Order allowing breeding cattle, as well as stores, to be imported from Canada. The question has been discussed by the Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons, who decided that they would welcome any reciprocal arrangements for the interchange of pedigree stock. As there are not likely to be buyers in this country of Canadian breeding cattle which are not pedigree, this practically concedes the case, and the Government apparently may proceed in peace with their Order. But, to complicate the matter, it is announced that the whole question is to be brought before the Imperial Conference. Whether in the meantime the Order is to be postponed is not clear.

AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"A holiday spirit more vigorous than has been seen for several years reigned in Dublin over the Whitsuntide week-end, in spite of indifferent weather. The number of ancient motor-cars which have been disinterred and of new ones which have been purchased are good evidence of the gradual return of normal conditions, and it is unquestionable that business is steadily improving, while hostilities seem to have ceased almost entirely. There is a fairly strong feeling that an early election would be most desirable, but whether the Government will take this view is doubtful. Meanwhile, interest in purely economic matters is reawakening, and there is much conjecture as to the probable future of broadcasting and wireless communication in the Free State area. It is curious to notice in this connection that the Post Office is preparing to establish a broadcasting station, while the Treaty provides that no wireless station capable of long-distance communication shall be erected except by agreement. Presumably the convention on wireless matters there provided for will shortly have to be negotiated. It is to be hoped that it will not be of so complicated a nature as the arrangements dealing with Income Tax, which are perplexing both bankers and taxpayers. There seems to be a very strong probability that a number of people will find themselves paying 9s. 6d. in the £, and trusting to the machinery of Form B 151 to get it back for them in due course."

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## MR. BONAR LAW.

## A PERSONAL APPRECIATION.

MR. BONAR LAW's breakdown is a great misfortune, not less to his political opponents than to his own supporters. We shall not easily find another leader of the Conservative Party who is so *unprejudiced*. Mr. Bonar Law has been, before everything, a party man, deeply concerned for his party, obedient to its instincts, and at each crisis the nominee of its machine. On two crucial questions, Tariff Reform and the support of Ulster, he adopted with vehemence the extreme party view. Yet, in truth, he was almost devoid of Conservative Principles. This Presbyterian from Canada has no imaginative reverence for the traditions and symbols of the past, no special care for vested interests, no attachment whatever to the Upper Classes, the City, the Army, or the Church. He is prepared to consider each question on its merits, and his candid acknowledgment of the case for a Capital Levy was a striking example of an habitual state of mind.

Mr. Bonar Law's Conservatism was not based on dogma, or prejudice, or a passion to preserve certain sides of English life. It proceeded from caution, scepticism, lack of faith, a distrust of any intellectual process which proceeded more than one or two steps ahead, or any emotional enthusiasm which grasped at an intangible object, and an extreme respect for all kinds of *Success*.

Mr. Bonar Law's great skill in controversy, both in private conversation and in public debate, was due not only to the acuteness of his mind and his retentive memory which have impressed all observers, but also to his practice of limiting the argument to the pieces, so to speak, actually on the board and to the two or three moves ahead which could be definitely foreseen. (Mr. Bonar Law avowedly carried his well-known passion for the technique of chess into the problems of politics; and it is natural to use chess metaphors to describe the workings of his mind.) Mr. Bonar Law was difficult to answer in debate because he nearly always gave the perfectly sensible reply, on the assumption that the pieces visible on the board constituted the whole premises of the argument, that any attempt to look far ahead was too hypothetical and difficult to be worth while, and that one was playing the game in question *in vacuo*, with no ulterior purpose except to make the right move in that particular game. This method of his gained him perhaps more credit for candour and sincerity, as compared with other people, than he really deserved. He has been at times just as sly as other politicians; not, as he once pointed out, quite so simple as he looks. But it has been much easier for him to express, on any given occasion, more or less the whole contents of his mind, and very nearly his *real* reasons without reserve or ulterior purpose, than for others, some of whose reasons were too remote to be easily expressed or were not solely connected with the particular matter in hand, or could not be conveniently introduced on that occasion. An opponent, who was trying to look some considerable way ahead, or saw the immediate position in the vague outlines of its relation to the situation as a whole, or had ultimate ideals which it would be priggish to mention too often, would always find himself at a great disadvantage in arguing with Mr. Bonar Law. His quietness and sweet reasonableness and patient attention to the more tangible parts of what his opponent had just said would bring into strong relief anything hysterical or over-done in the opposition attitude.

No mind, amongst those who waged war for this country, was swifter on the surface of things than his; there was no one who could be briefed quicker than he and put *au courant* with the facts of the case in those hurried moments which a Civil Servant gets with his chief before a Conference; and no one who could remember so much from a previous acquaintance with the question. But this swiftness of apprehension, not only of facts and arguments but also of persons and their qualities, even in combination with his objective, chess-playing mind, did not save him from a quite decided anti-intellectualist bias. Those who were present at Trinity Commem. some four years ago will remember a charming little speech given to the undergraduates after dinner, in which he dismissed with sweet-tempered cynicism everything a University stands for. Mr. Bonar Law has liked to think of himself as a plain business man, who could have made a lot of money if he had chosen to, with a good judgment of markets rather than of long-period trends, right on the short swing, handling Wars and Empires and Revolutions with the coolness and limited purpose of a first-class captain of industry. This distrust of intellectualist probings into unrealized possibilities leads him to combine great caution and pessimism about the chances of the immediate situation with considerable recklessness about what may happen eventually,—a characteristic running through his policy both during and since the war. He would hold, for example, that it was an almost hopeless proposition to prevent France from going into the Ruhr, but that the consequences of her doing so, though very bad, might not be quite so bad as some people anticipate. This quality prevented him sometimes from being as good a negotiator as might have been expected. He was not held back from yielding a little too much either by cheerful optimism about the prospects of pulling off a better bargain or by getting frightened about the remoter consequences of giving way. Perhaps, after all, he might not have made a very successful business man,—too pessimistic to snatch present profits and too short-sighted to avoid future catastrophe.

Mr. Bonar Law's inordinate respect for Success is noteworthy. He is capable of respecting even an intellectualist who turns out right. He admires self-made millionaires. He is not easily shocked by the methods employed by others to attain success. The great admiration in which he formerly held Mr. Lloyd George was largely based on the latter's success, and diminished proportionately when the success fell off.

Modest, gentle, unselfish ways have won for him affection from all who have worked near him. But the feeling of the public is due, perhaps, to their instinctive apprehension of a larger, rarer thing about him than these simple qualities. They feel him to have been a great public servant, whose life of austerity and duty served them rather than himself. Many politicians are too much enthralled by the crash and glitter of the struggle, their hearts obviously warmed by the swell and pomp of authority, enjoying their positions and their careers, clinging to these sweet delights, and primarily pleasing themselves. These are the natural target of envy and detraction and a certain contempt. They have their reward already and need no gratitude. But the public have liked to see a Prime Minister not enjoying his lot unduly. We have preferred to be governed by the sad smile of one who adopts towards the greatest office in the State the attitude that whilst, of course, it is nice to be Prime Minister, it is no great thing to covet; and who feels in office, and not merely afterwards, the vanity of things.



## THE REAL KENYA QUESTION.

Most people whose reading of the daily paper is moderately intensive must now know that there is a Kenya question. The headline which gives them this information usually runs "Indians in Kenya," and on the surface it would appear that the question is concerned with the claims and relations of the Indians and white settlers in the territory which, until lately, was known as British East Africa. Whether the Indians should be given the franchise on an equality with the settlers, whether Indian immigration should be restricted, whether the highlands should be reserved for white men, —these are the particular points which are at the moment being fought over by rival deputations to the Colonial Office, and the principle involved appears, therefore, to be that of racial equality within the British Empire. That principle is involved, and it is an important one, but behind it, and behind the complicated dispute between the Indians and settlers, a struggle is proceeding over a question and a principle of still greater importance. The real Kenya question is concerned with the future government of those African territories which are now administered as Crown Colonies or Protectorates, and therefore with the whole future of the British Empire in Africa. Are these territories to be administered by the Imperial Government as a "sacred trust of civilization" until such time as their African inhabitants may become capable of self-government, or are they to be handed over to the absolute rule of a handful of British settlers, planters, and traders whose interest in the territories is confined to economic exploitation? That is the real question which is now being fought over, and within a few weeks must be settled, in the Colonial Office.

To prove this statement it is necessary briefly to set out the facts which have led up to the present crisis. The population of Kenya consists of about 3,000,000 Africans, about 25,000 Indians, and about 10,000 white men. The government of the country has hitherto been the ordinary type of Crown Colony administration, i.e., the white settlers elected representatives to the Legislative Council, but the Governor had an official majority on the Council, and so ultimate authority remained with him, and through him with the Colonial Office and the Imperial Government. The Kenya administration has always been extraordinarily complacent to the settlers. All the best land in the hills has been either sold to them or given on lease for 999 years at very low prices. Africans who inconveniently occupied African land in desirable situations were removed and relegated to less fertile reserves. When the Africans refused to come and work for very low wages for the settlers, the Government yielded to the settlers' repeated demands, and administrative pressure was applied in various ways to "induce" the Africans to supply cheap labour.

But for some time past the settlers have been dissatisfied with the position. There has been a widespread demand among them for more direct compulsion upon the African to supply labour, a compulsion to be applied either by law or by cutting down the reserves and increasing the taxation of natives. It became obvious that neither the local Government nor the Colonial Office could possibly grant these demands in face of the opposition in this country. Immediately there arose among the white settlers great opposition to the existing form of government, continual criticism of the "official majority" on the Council, and a demand for "responsible government." Responsible government means, of course, in this case, that the administra-

tion shall be responsible to an elected majority on the Legislative Council, but that the elected representatives shall be elected by and shall represent only the 10,000 white settlers out of a population of between three and four millions. In other parts of Africa similar demands have been made and granted, with the inevitable result that the native population and its land have been handed over to the exploitation of a handful of white masters. But in this case another factor existed and stood between the very vocal settler and the inarticulate African—25,000 Indians. If there was to be a franchise, and an elected majority, and responsible government, what about the Indians and racial equality within the Empire? The question was promptly asked by the Indians and by India, which is no longer inarticulate. It received a very prompt answer from the settlers. "This is a white man's country," they said. "A deceased Secretary of State for the Colonies pledged the British Empire that no land in the Kenya highlands should ever be sold to a brown or a black man. Those highlands must be reserved for white men. The immigration of Indians must be stopped. Indians now in Kenya must be 'segregated.' The franchise must not be given to Indians, because, if it is, the government of Kenya will be in the hands of Indians, and we shall be handing over the natives of Africa to Asiatics and to Muhammadans, and betraying our sacred trust of Christianity and civilization. And if we are not allowed to perform that sacred trust, if the Imperial Government attempts to give the franchise to Indians, then we shall take to arms and impose our will by force."

So issue was joined between the white settler and the Indian. The controversy here turns upon the Indian demand that they be given the franchise on the same terms as the settlers with a common register, and that no new restrictions be introduced with regard to immigration. Towards the end of last year a compromise was worked out in London, but, when it was referred to Kenya, it was rejected absolutely by the settlers, who threaten force if their full claims are not satisfied. Meanwhile, they called to their aid the useful weapon of propaganda. It has been represented that, if the Indian claims with regard to the franchise and immigration be conceded, it will mean that Kenya and its three million native inhabitants will be handed over to the government of Indian immigrants, for they already outnumber the white men by over two to one. So the settler made his first appearance before the British public dressed in a white sheet, with a cross on his breast, supported or half-supported by a Bishop, and claiming to be the knight-errant of the liberties and happiness of three million Africans.

Unfortunately this beautiful, but imaginary vision of Lord Delamere and Mr. Grogan has now evaporated. The representatives of the Indians have explicitly stated: (1) that they consider it vital that the official majority should be retained in the Legislative Council, thus assuring to the Government the power of outvoting legislation adversely affecting the natives, until the natives themselves are able to undertake responsible government; (2) that they have no desire whatever to take any part in the direct administration of native affairs, which should be left entirely in the hands of the Colonial officials. This statement of the Indian deputation disposes of the settlers' case against the Indians. The Indians are certainly no more to be trusted than the white settlers with absolute power over the natives; but they are claiming no such power. It is the settlers' claim for "responsible government," for the handing over of Kenya to the absolute rule of a few

thousand white men, which, in fact, has forced the Indian to claim the vote for himself and thereby to become the defender of the native. There should be only one answer from the Imperial Government to the two parties in this dispute, namely, that the control of the government of Kenya cannot be entrusted, either in whole or in part, to 10,000 white men or 25,000 Indians, but must remain for the present in the hands of the Colonial Office and the Imperial Government, and that representative institutions should be so framed as to give a voice not only to white men and Indians but to Africans as well.

The real Kenya question is, as the above facts show, an extremely important one. It will probably mark a turning point in the history of British rule in Africa. If the settlers' demands are granted, it will mean that the disastrous precedents of Natal and Rhodesia are to be extended to all British Africa, and that territories and their inhabitants are to be handed over to the absolute rule of tiny white oligarchies in the name of democracy and "responsible government." On the other hand, if the Imperial Government takes the right line and maintains it firmly, it will establish the principle that in all African territories under the Colonial Office the interests of the African inhabitants are the primary concern of the Government, that the doctrines of "responsible government" are for the time being inapplicable, and that immigrants, whether Asiatic or European, will be treated on a basis of complete equality, with protection for their economic interests in so far as they do not conflict with those of the native populations.

### THE INTERNATIONAL LOAN.

By J. M. KEYNES.

THE war accustomed us to vast credit operations between Governments. Since the war, Reconstruction Loans, "to stabilize the exchanges," have been a favourite panacea of philanthropists. In particular, many hopes of solving the Reparation question and of satisfying France at the same time have been built up on the idea that, when once Germany's annual payments for Reparation have been fixed at a reasonable figure, these prospective payments can be capitalized and anticipated by means of a vast international loan.

These hopes reached their highest point when a Committee of Bankers, which included Mr. Pierpont Morgan, met at Paris in May, 1922, and indicated that, on terms, great sums could be raised. Since that time sceptical doubts have increased about both the necessity and the possibility of such a transaction. Lord Curzon's recent complaint to Germany, that her proposal was made to depend on the feasibility of a loan, was a sign of this. Nevertheless, Germany made her offer in this form because she thought that this was the fashionable way in which to dress it; and the loan still figures in most paper schemes for settling Europe.

It is, therefore, worth while to repeat that the great International Loan is an absurdity,—an impossible and injurious chimæra. Germany, in any case, can only pay by annual instalments. It confuses the issue to introduce complicated provisions about a loan. But it also adds unreality to a discussion which, without this

addition, has difficulty enough to keep in touch with facts.

The loan is chimerical because its suggested magnitude is out of relation to the capacity of the investment market for securities of this kind. The recent German Note mentioned a first loan of £1,000,000,000, and subsequent loans of a further £500,000,000. These figures correspond to those frequently mentioned in discussion, which range from £500,000,000 up to £2,000,000,000. It is fair to the Germans to admit that amongst writers on this subject £500,000,000 is often reckoned a low figure and £1,000,000,000 not absurd. The idea is that the loan would be raised mainly in London and New York with some contributions from the neutral countries of Europe, and that the receipts would mainly accrue to France and Belgium. To the general public these figures convey no particular impression. To fix our ideas of magnitude let me quote some approximate totals of the volume of existing foreign investment.

The whole of the outstanding loans made by the British investor to the Government of India, built up over a long period of years and largely taken in the form of British exports of railway material and the like, stand at less than £200,000,000. The loans, made by the British investor and now quoted by the London Stock Exchange, to the whole of the rest of the British Empire, Dominion and Colonial and Provincial Governments together, the accumulation of long years of investment in quarters specially favoured and specially trusted, stand at round about £500,000,000. The whole of the Corporation and County Stocks of the United Kingdom, quoted on the London Stock Exchange, are worth about £200,000,000. Thus the aggregate of the loans outstanding from the British investor to the Governments of the whole British Empire and to the Counties and Corporations of the United Kingdom does not reach £1,000,000,000.

Most of the above loans are Trustee securities by law,—a privilege not likely to be granted to a German loan. Let us consider, therefore, a class of investment made without this privilege. The present value of all the loans made by the British investor to foreign Governments throughout the world is approximately £400,000,000.

One more example will illustrate to the reader what an amount of capital £1,000,000,000 represents. This figure is the total face value of all the stocks,—debenture, preference, and ordinary—of the entire railway system of the United Kingdom (the present market value being about 10 per cent. less).

The statistics of the present volume of savings in this country are not very reliable; but no one would place the total available each year for new foreign investment of all kinds above £150,000,000. Last year it barely reached £100,000,000. The total amount of foreign Government loans floated on the London market in the two years 1921 and 1922 came to about £20,000,000 altogether, and these borrowers had to pay on the average nearly 8 per cent.

Have I quoted enough figures to bring back proportion to the discussion? If Great Britain were to subscribe half of the suggested £1,000,000,000 loan to



Germany, it would mean that the whole of the British Empire and all other foreign borrowers could have nothing at all for four or five years. That is the borrowers' side. As for the lender, it means that the British investor would have to go on year after year lending all he had to Germany. We are obviously in the region of the wildest fantasy.

I conclude that, if Germany could borrow on her own credit in the London market £25,000,000 at 10 per cent., it would be a remarkable achievement.

What about New York? Recently it has been far more difficult and expensive to float foreign loans in New York than in London. At the present time existing French Government dollar loans stand in New York on about an 8 per cent. basis; and Czecho-Slovak Government dollar loans on a 9 per cent. basis. It is not likely that either of these Governments could get much new money in New York even at 10 per cent. Yet their credit stands, presumably, higher than Germany's would. The volume of foreign loans made by New York has sunk during the past year to a very low figure, and we have to go back to 1921 and the first half of 1922, when there was a short-lived boom in such securities, to find substantial amounts. But even in 1921 the loans to Europe did not really come to much. France secured on balance \$70,000,000 of new money, Denmark \$40,000,000, Belgium \$25,000,000. But then Great Britain paid off \$150,000,000; so that even in 1921 the American investor lent nothing on balance to European Governments. The only investments which attracted him on a large scale were pure speculations, such as mark banknotes where he hoped for 100 per cent. profit and has suffered 100 per cent. loss. The United States lends Canada a good deal, and a certain amount to Mexico and South America. But probably she has less surplus available for Europe than Great Britain has, and her investors are showing an even greater distaste for this type of investment.

In short, the £1,000,000,000 loan is as nonsensical as General Election Reparation forecasts and as the alleged total of Germany's present balances abroad (also estimated by some at the good round figure of £500,000,000 to £1,000,000,000). Why does such elephantiasis afflict this pitiful subject, that popular estimates are not just two or three times wrong, but generally ten times the truth? Has the peace of Europe ever been threatened before by arithmetical frenzy? It is, truly, an extraordinary state of affairs.

I have been speaking so far of proposals to borrow *new* money on Germany's *own* credit. If the loan were to be guaranteed by other Powers, including Great Britain, some of the above arguments would not apply. The limit to the sums available for investment abroad would remain the same; but the degree of the investors' willingness to take a hand would, of course, be quite different. I hope, however, that any suggestion of a British guarantee may be ruled out. We must be prepared to make sacrifices in the interests of a settlement. But the idea that, if Germany fails to pay the indemnity, we should pay it in her place, is intolerable.

There still remains, however, a type of loan to which none of my criticisms apply, namely, where no new

money is required, but one form of bond is merely substituted for another. The possibility of a transaction of this kind is only limited by the willingness of the holder of an existing bond to accept another in its place. If, for example, the German Government was to issue its bonds to the French Government, which in its turn passed them on to the French investor, with or without its own guarantee, in exchange for French Government bonds previously held, no technical or financial difficulty arises. The "Temps" has recently aired a proposal by which Germany would undertake to meet the service of the French loans which have been issued to provide for the expenditure on the devastated areas. This is sensible and practicable. There might be political advantages on both sides in getting German bonds well spread amongst the investors of France. But, financially speaking, it is a mere paper transaction;—there is no essential difference between the payment by Germany of an annual sum to France for France to use in paying interest to her bondholders, and the payment by Germany to the bondholders direct. It would also be quite simple to substitute German bonds for the existing bonds of Inter-Allied debt. I do not include transactions of this kind under the designation of International Loan.

The type of International Loan which would be raised in London, New York, and the neutral capitals of Europe and credited mainly to France and Belgium is not only impossible but useless. France and Belgium have no need or employment for a huge lump sum of money. If it were to be credited to them in London and New York, they could do nothing with it except pay off what they owe to the British and American Governments (which is not at all what they intend), or lend it out again, thus converting it back from a lump sum into an annual flow. Before the restoration of the war areas had commenced it might have been plausible to argue that a large lump sum of foreign money was required for this purpose. But, in fact, the restoration has proceeded very fast by means of loans raised at home. The financial difficulty of the French and Belgian Governments is not in raising the money to pay for restoration, but in meeting the future interest on the loans which they have raised. The financial problem of France—so long, at any rate, as she does not pay what she owes to the Governments of England and America—is one of internal, not of external, finance. The insufficiency of the annual revenue of the State to meet the service of her debt involves a constant threat of inflation, and thereby a depreciation of the franc. The remedy for this is not a lump sum of £1,000,000,000 in London and New York, but annual receipts which can be employed to pay her bondholders without resort to inflation. The advocates of an International Loan misconceive the character of French needs as well as the possibilities of the international investment market.

There is only one qualification to this;—namely, in the event of the receipts from an International Loan being employed to make annual payments to France and Belgium during a preliminary period whilst Germany was enjoying a moratorium. Such anticipatory payments would be useful to France and Belgium. But a proposal to raise the loan, whilst

Germany is still in her present condition and prior to her recovering her credit and giving some tangible proofs of her willingness and capacity to pay, would be faced by even greater difficulties of persuading the foolish investor to risk his money than those already indicated. There can be few investors who would lend a penny to Germany on her own credit, whilst she is in her present plight, and before she can point to definite signs of recovery. The various political risks are far greater than can be compensated by any practicable rate of interest. A very small, half-charitable loan, on the lines projected for Austria, designed to help Germany herself on to her legs again, is surely the utmost to be expected in the near future.

Let us, therefore, dismiss from the discussion the Grand International Loan, and concentrate on the essential question how soon and how much Germany can pay year by year.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

THE two days' uncertainty as to whether Lord Curzon or Mr. Baldwin would succeed Mr. Bonar Law brought into prominence the immense importance of a Prime Minister's personality—or rather of the impression of it in the public mind. No one was clear that the choice would make any material difference to the policy of the Government, or, indeed, what the difference would be if there was one; but everyone realized that it would make an enormous difference both to the position of the Government in the country and to the position of Britain in the world. The selection of Lord Curzon would have given the Conservative Party a stamp of feudalism which would have virtually destroyed its influence with the democracy at home. In India and the East generally, it would have rendered almost inefaceable the impression that the British Empire stands for domination and racial arrogance. In America it would have revived the fading picture of Great Britain as the land of outworn aristocracy, antipathetic to American ideals. No wonder that when it came to the point, everyone was anxious to avoid Lord Curzon; and that so much was made of the impossibility under modern conditions of a Prime Minister in the House of Lords.

THIS is hard lines for Lord Curzon, who is neither so illiberal in outlook nor so unsympathetic in personality as is commonly supposed, and is by no means devoid of horse-sense. But his reputation, however undeserved, is very firmly fixed, crystallized in scores of stories which are among the favourite items of the public gossip of the day; and this counts for more than all his long experience, devoted public service, intellectual distinction, and capacity for hard work. Moreover, these popular estimates, though often very unfair to the individual, have a way of hitting the essential truth about the public man. At critical moments, Lord Curzon's leadership would tend to twist policy in the directions of class prejudice and Imperialist ambition; so that on all grounds it is well for the country (though not for the electoral prospects of the Liberal Party) that Mr. Baldwin should have been preferred.

THE public get a wrong impression if they think of the new Prime Minister as a plain business man, the son of Baldwins Limited. Like Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Baldwin fancies himself sometimes in this pose. But

it is much more appropriate to think of him as the nephew of Mrs. Kipling, Lady Burne-Jones, and Lady Poynter. His literary gifts, his power over the word, a certain artistic quality in his choice of key and mood in making a speech, his wit and easy taste have done much more than iron-mastering to bring him where he is. The suddenness of his leap to power comparatively late in life, for he is nearly 57 years of age, of which he has spent quite 50 in obscurity, is a signal example of the reward of courage at an appropriate moment. Mr. Baldwin's present position is directly due to his standing up to Mr. Lloyd George last autumn in conditions where it was as likely as not that he would have his head smashed in. What strange reversals politics permit! How incredulous Mr. Lloyd George would have been a year ago of a prediction of the present occupant of No. 10! Mr. Baldwin has many attractive and trustworthy qualities. Whether he will prove to possess the vitality, the resource, and the inner strength which a Prime Minister needs, remains to be seen.

THERE is no apparent weakening in the internal political situation in Germany. The Ruhr invasion and the ever-increasing hardships imposed on the population have only served to create a stronger feeling of national unity than has existed at any time since 1918. The radicals of the left (the Communists) and the radicals of the right (the National Socialists) are the only elements opposing the "Einheitsfront." The latter party, which has always drawn its main strength from Bavaria, has been weakened as the result of the very conservative and monarchistic Bavarian Centre Party (the Catholics), which previously favoured them in secret, turning openly against them. The National Socialists, it seems, have gone too far even for the Bavarian reactionaries. Their openly armed bands in Munich and the surrounding country have alarmed quiet people; and they have done themselves no good with the Catholic clergy by extending their anti-Semitism, which has always been a main plank of their programme, to the point of an attack on Christianity as a Judaization of Germany.

CANDIDATES for Parliament who have been in the habit of accepting information from the Unionist headquarters should take warning from the experience of Major Ward-Jackson, the official Unionist opponent of Mr. Oswald Mosley at the last election. Speaking at Harrow on October 30th, 1922, Major Ward-Jackson accused Mr. Mosley of having incited the Indian Undergraduates at the Cambridge Union to "revolt, revolt, revolt against the Englishman who slaughters your wives." Later in his campaign, he admitted that this elegant extract was enclosed with "some information with regard to Mr. Mosley's career sent down to me from the head Unionist Association." Now the poor man has felt obliged to write to Mr. Mosley in these terms: "My subsequent inquiries have satisfied me that the allegations contained in the letter mentioned above which I quoted are erroneous. I now know that at the debate at the Cambridge Union on November 2nd, 1920, you, so far from inciting Indian Students to revolt, actually extolled the great traditions of British Rule in India and urged the necessity for its continuance in the future, and its progressive development on the lines of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. This being the case, I now wish to withdraw without reserve the allegations I made against you. I wish further to offer you my apologies and to thank you for having consented at my request to withdraw your slander



action against me." The episode as a whole should be helpful to Mr. Mosley in his constituency, though the intention of Unionist H.Q. does not seem to have been very benevolent.

MR. SPARKES, the late Member for Tiverton, whose death will, it may be hoped, have the effect of bringing back Mr. F. D. Acland to the House of Commons, will leave behind a curious memory of his short career as Member of Parliament. His two achievements are authorship of a Bill, which would have attracted no special attention but for his own surname, for penalizing damage to crops from locomotive sparks, and a sudden intervention in the Russian debate ten days ago. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was reading a letter from someone whom he described as a Quaker minister working in Russia, when the Member for Tiverton leaped to his feet to declare that he had Quaker associations and that there were no such things as Quaker ministers. He was quite wrong, for the gentleman in question hailed from America, where the great majority of the Quaker communities have ordained pastors. Mr. Sparkes had only sat since the General Election.

"I WAS interested," writes a correspondent, "to read of the appointment of Mr. Tom Shaw, M.P., as first secretary of the reconstructed International, for it means a long-laid plan brought to fruition. Three years ago I was lunching in a little Brussels café with Camille Huysmans, who, as secretary of the Second International,

achieved miracles in holding it together through the war. He was talking of the future, and his own intention to make way for some successor, and urging that the one man in Europe for the job was Tom Shaw. The Lancashire member had the advantage (for so Huysmans thought it) of being English, and in addition of speaking both French and German fluently, an accomplishment, I imagine, unique among the trade unionist Labour members, though, of course, the new intellectuals of the party think little of that. Now Huysmans is drawing something perilously like a capitalist salary as Burgomaster of Antwerp, and Shaw steps into a post for which he is admirably fitted."

He would be a bitter partisan, a Diehard of the Diehards, who should grudge to the Labour M.P. for Stratford his winning of the Dunmow Flitch. Kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones—even in these revolutionary days there can be no tampering with that ancient ceremonial—Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Groves have sworn that they have never offended each other in deed or word, "Or in a Twelvemonth and a Day, Repented not in thought any way" of the hour when the knot was tied between them. All honour to Mr. and Mrs. Groves, and yet . . . there is something a little inhuman in this picture of uninterrupted harmony. It is a dish too cloyingly sweet for every-day food; and needs a squeeze of the lemon to give it a zest. We believe Mr. Groves to be a right good fellow; but we like to think he swore with a little mental reservation. OMICRON.

## "THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO"

By PERCY LUBBOCK.

It is very hard on Horace Walpole. He was a gentleman of taste, not a common professional writer, and for himself the charm of his reputation was great; for he was an ingenious and accomplished author without any of the disadvantages of authorship—its penury, its base subjection to a patron's favour, its dinginess. He could feel that he only wrote because he liked to write, so that he was clearly a disinterested artist; and in his world it was amusingly original and notable to be an author, not a matter of course as it is in Grub Street; and he could reflect, since his books were quite successful, that he beat the professional on his own ground after all—so that he had the ordinary advantages of authorship as well as those peculiar to an author of position. It was a charming reputation, and he had earned it; he had worked up to it warily and discreetly, careful to disown "The Castle of Otranto" itself until the applause of gentle and simple was assured. Then indeed, demurely proud and shy, he laid aside the precaution of anonymity and enjoyed a fame which nobody could accuse him of vulgarly pushing to meet. What could be better?—it was a liberal and gentlemanly distinction, with all the rewards of popularity and none of its grossness.

It is certainly hard on him, the trick that a later age has played with his Gothic romance. Gray said it made the dons at Cambridge afraid to go to bed in the dark, Scott found a "wild interest" in it, Macaulay spoke of its unflagging excitement; and the end has been, not merely that it excites and frightens nobody, not only that it lies unread, but worse—that it is

relegated to the very place of all others which is least congenial to Horace Walpole. It is handed over to the schools, to the critical handbooks, to the literary lecture-rooms; in these "The Castle of Otranto" lives on vigorously, but this is its only life. It is never mentioned, never thought of anywhere else; but as soon as the lecturer reaches the "romantic revival" of the eighteenth century we know what to expect—punctually the epoch opens with Horace Walpole's tale of terror. He invented, we always understand, a "new form" in fiction, and his invention was symptomatic of the great new turn of thought that was changing the world of Pope into the world of Coleridge; and so "The Castle of Otranto," ceasing to be terrible, remains historic, and doubtless it will continue to open the age of romance as long as there are handbooks and lectures on English literature in which to do so. Such is the company into which the fastidious author appears to have fallen irredeemably. As a collector and a wit and a letter-writer, he may enjoy a society more to his mind; but as a romancer, no—as a romancer he belongs exclusively to the frumpish inelegance of the schools. He would rather be forgotten outright.

Can we do anything, even now, to retrieve his situation? A neat and comely reprint\* of the famous tale, appearing at this moment, offers the best of opportunities; for, if it should still be possible to read the "Castle," not lecture on it only, the pretty page of this edition will favour the attempt. It is a little formid-

\*"The Castle of Otranto." By Horace Walpole. With Scott's Introduction, and Preface by Caroline Spurgeon. (Chatto & Windus. 5s.).

able to find the brief tale (itself filling only some hundred and fifty pages of open print) headed by no less than four introductions—two by the author, one by Sir Walter Scott, one by the present editor, Miss Caroline Spurgeon. Miss Spurgeon's is slight, Scott's is a weighty document of its period, Walpole's own are too curious to omit; but all this apparatus is excessive if we are trying to get away from the history of movements to the criticism of literature. Push past the introductions, forget about the movement, read the story straight through—and say whether you find the story attractive in any way on its unsupported merit. It may be that the answer is surprising, if the experiment is made for the first time. Taken on its own merit, the story has an interest, neither wild indeed nor unflagging, but an interest as a piece of writing carefully studied and mannered, a neat exercise in an artificial tone. There is no crudity and no violence in its accent; it seems to be describing the adventures of a well-bred and courtly company in a rococo stage-pastoral, a world which at times will gracefully unbend to the humours and extravagances of its domestic servants. It is a pleasing and familiar effect, classical in its disciplined taste. It may be a shock to discover, on listening more closely, that these distinguished people are enduring agonies, experiencing portents, plunging into disasters such as "words cannot paint"—the author, staggered by the succession of enormities, can find no other phrase. But their style is not seriously ruffled by their tortures; they are still classical in their sufferings, and with a noble resignation they meet their doom, models of antique deportment in their despair and their extinction. It is not exciting, it is not terrifying, it is rather dull; but it has all the proprieties of an urbane tradition.

And is this, then, the spirit-shaking fiction that inaugurated a new method of romance? After all, "The Castle of Otranto" must remain what it has been for so long, the text of the lecturer; for its respectable manners, though well maintained, are not so striking as to restore it to the casual liberal reader. Its interest as a tale is a very thin matter compared with its interest as a document; but this latter is heightened, perhaps, by the attempt to read it as a tale. For the startling novelty of its method, that to which it owes its prominence in the history of taste, unexpectedly disappears if it is not specially sought; unless you are purposely looking for it to point a moral, the Gothic rudeness and grimness of the "Castle" is easily missed. The dismal horrors that were once so medieval have turned to the baroque in their decorative exuberance; not a hollow groan, not a clanking chain, not a hair-raising shriek in the story, but is now the very echo of an age that comfortably toyed with marvels, persuading itself to a pleasing shudder. The revival of romance!—it rather seems to us the overflow of the true heart of Twickenham, and it carries us back to the days when the imagination of man was so bright, so clear, so complacent, that it had actually, for its own relief, to create a little pretence-obscurity and mystery in one of its polished corners. We have changed all this so thoroughly—such vapours of the pit now curl and swirl in our haunted minds—that we may claim to have discovered, at last and again, the recesses of the

grotesque and the mysterious, the places where the antic sits and grins. Perhaps it is we who are inaugurating a Gothic revival; at least we have plenty to shudder at that was never dreamed of at Strawberry Hill.

As for Horace Walpole, the moral he may point in the schools, or part of it, is the very long way a very little matter will go when it is really new. It was really a new idea to use the supernatural once more in fiction as a means of making your flesh creep; and Horace used the supernatural so inexpertly that we now hardly notice it is there; but in its day it frightened dons from their rest and struck even Scott with its gruesome power. Horace handled his marvels precisely as Mr. Anstey and Mr. Wells handle theirs; only he asked of them exactly the opposite effect. To bring the supernatural into your story without precaution, to tumble it forth into life that is unprepared and unattuned—this is the way to use it for burlesque and satire; taken for granted, blandly precipitated into normal life, the effect of a miracle is richly comic. Horace Walpole thought that it might become tragic and solemn by no other arts; and he was right: it could become both for a time, since the idea was a new revival. And so a gigantic helmet dropped from heaven into a castle-yard, a picture groaned, a statue shed blood from its nose; and for the space of a generation and more these prodigies met the demand of their author, crept upon his readers with delicious thrills. Enough, "The Castle of Otranto" had its turn, and more than its turn, in the genial world; let it remain henceforward in the handbooks, for ever heralding an historic movement.

### THE TEACHERS.

I was invited on Thursday to a "Ladies' Teaparty" by an American missionary's wife. So strictly ladylike was the teaparty that not even our hostess's youngest son, aged thirteen months, was admitted. Here in M—, a closely walled, secret city lost in the shadows of the mountains of a lost province of China, we very rarely see strangers. But on Thursday there were four strangers, four women missionaries looking at the cake, our bond of union, that towered shinily, like a little cathedral, in the refined and sprightly atmosphere of the room.

Our hostess, in a broad Western American voice, talked without ceasing. Whether we were talking or not, whether we were listening or not, she talked of the minor domestic phenomena of her large family; of the curiously unchristian faults of her seven children, of her husband's manner of lying down on the bed in his muddy boots, of the fact that he found his work so heating that he had to change his underclothes twice a day, of her son Warren's "cacky pants . . . the tailor'll never be through with them, . . ." of her own clothes—"See here, whaddy you know about this little piece of creetonne? I figured I c'd run meself up a cute little jumper outa that. I thought mebbe these gurls c'd tell me about the nooest styles. . . ." She held the gay little remnant against her wide breast; her figure was the stout, tired figure of a woman who has built a splendid barrier of seven children between herself and the world of "cute little jumpers in the noo style."

Floating and spinning all together down the current of this stream of talk, the four missionary "gurls" and



I must make efforts to throw out lifelines one to another if we did not wish to pass in complete oblivion. But they seemed to ask no better than to pass without exchanging signals. One of them, indeed, was by no means tongue-tied; if only I had had her manner I should have been said to be a perfect scream and a joyous Christian; I should have been congratulated on my "sense of the ludicrous." Our gay companion seemed to watch archly for errors in her own speech as a proof-reader watches for misprints, but much more hilariously. "There now—listen to me—*chugar* instead of *sugar*. I'll take one lump of *chugar* in my *chea*. . . . Oh, gurls! . . ." (A shrill solo of merry laughter.) "I'll be saying my own name wrong next . . . *chugar* . . . oh, don't look at me in that tone of voice, gurls, I've got the giggles bad enough already. . . ."

Our hostess, under the cover of her guest's lonely merriment, said in parenthesis: "She's such a bright gurl, she keeps us laffing all day, but she ha'n't got the *depth* of the other gurls, if you get what I mean, nor yet the classy education." Aloud she said: "There now, listen to her. Mebbe now you gotta notion what a trouble I got to keep these bad gurls in order. Reg'lar madcaps, ain't they? . . ." The other three strangers, though no doubt gratified by the high spirits of their madcap fellow-worker, did not laugh, and scarcely spoke at all. They answered questions as quickly as possible, and then stared at the diminishing cake.

One of the visitors was an "engaged young lady," as she and we were reminded repeatedly by our roguish hostess. "Her *feong-gay*" (this was another aside) "is a gentleman missionary considerable lower in rank than her—but when a gurl fixes her heart. . . ." Members of this mission are not allowed to work in the same place after they are engaged. Every young man missionary knows that the acceptance of his proposal of marriage is the signal for his immediate removal to a distant field of endeavour. "It'd be a bad example for the Chinese if *feong-gays* were left on the same station," said our hostess; and one trembled to think what she meant. I looked at the rigid, suffocated face of this silent young woman, and imagined her suddenly as perhaps she was when she left her English home—Roselea, was it, or Elmhurst?—safe in its uniform row of Park Views and Ivy Lodges, and banished herself triumphantly. She came to a continent where no two roofs cut the sky at the same curve, where gods and men jostle each other in the streets, and the only god who stays at home is the God of Roselea or Elmhurst. She had heard a voice, she had seen a light, and she followed the voice and the light across the world. Was the voice really the voice of the lost heathen? Did the light really shine from the open gates of heaven? Or was it possible that she had sipped a filtered dilution of the strong wine of adventure. . . ? At any rate, she had forsaken everything, and followed—and now she was to be rewarded; she was to marry a gentleman missionary.

The third stranger seemed to be the skeleton of a ghost that surely never had been a woman. Her leaden, unmoving eyes were set in a fleshless face; no hair was to be seen under the crushed straw hat that drooped upon her head. She spoke no word from first to last.

"Ai don't know, Ai'm sure. . . . Ai don't know, Ai'm sure. . . ." the fourth young woman replied to all questions on the subject of the disturbed and unique province of China in which she had lived for years. She was a person of a heavy, rustic prettiness; her polished pink face was rather sulky, and she had made as little

as possible of her sand-coloured hair. She shared a bungalow with one other woman missionary in a town in which no other foreigners were found. "Ai have to be carried four days on the backs of men to get there. . . ." she said, and this curious way of referring to the sedan chair, which is a commonplace in the lives of all dwellers in South China, might have interested a psycho-analyst. "Nao, it's not a pretty taown, it's all full of temples. . . . Nao, Ai'm not partial to the Chinese. . . . Ai laiked being in India—Ai could make friends there. . . . Ao nao, not with the Indians—we used to teach them the Word—Ai made friends with the English lady and gentleman workers. . . . China's very dull, Ai think. Interests?—Ai don't know, Ai'm sure. . . . Ai'm very partial to my garden in K—. Ai don't know, Ai'm sure, if it's a good soil for flaoowers, Ai only grow vegetables. . . ." She mumbled her replies in a flat voice that could scarcely be heard through the clatter of our hostess's conversation.

"Those cacky pants of Warren's," shouted the devoted mother for the fourth or fifth time that afternoon, "have bin at the tailor's for three months. It gets me so worried I can't sleep nights for thinking, well, mebbe he's stolen the stuff, or mebbe his store's bin robbed. It was real classy cacky drill, and I paid—"

A miracle happened. The Chinese tailor, with a pair of khaki trousers, stood in the French window.

Nobody present thought the miracle at all funny. It was not the kind of thing to appeal to the general "sense of the ludicrous." The room rang with congratulations.

The pagan tailor walked with dignity into the den of Christians.

"Now see here, tailor, I gotta good mind not to pay you a cent for them pants. You got me so rattled I just couldn't sleep nights for thinking mebbe—"

It is not to be supposed that the tailor realized that five out of six of us had come many thousand miles to bring light to him and his four hundred million compatriots. Yet he turned his serene, broad, humorous face slowly and surveyed us with courteous attention. His eyes paused for a few seconds, with a faint look of suppressed surprise, on the skull-like face of the skeleton young woman, and perhaps he thought, with ruthless Chinese common sense: "She is mad because she has no man." Behind his upright figure, in its sea-green robe, as he stood in the window, bristled the curled and incorrigible roofs of his pagan city, and behind the roofs again the red mountains boiled up into a quivering, steaming sky. If we had risen there and then and one by one preached him the best sermons we knew, he could never have answered us. For our duty would have been too loud in our ears; we should have been deaf to answers, deaf to the hoarse temple bells and the fading flutes of the wandering musicians and the sound of the leaping wind coming over the mountains.

STELLA BENSON.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### THE DESTRUCTION OF GEORGIA.

SIR,—Your article on "Great Britain and Russia" shows such a reasonable desire to recognize two sides to the question of our recognition of the Bolshevik Government, that I hope you will not be unwilling to consider a third side to this matter. Since the original Russian revolution the Allies, in what I suppose must be called "the late war," recognized the re-establishment of the old Georgian State in its new form of

a democratic republic. Yet those Allies have done nothing to hinder the destruction of that State by the invasion of the Red armies of the Bolsheviks, or the ruthless crushing of all their free institutions, economic, administrative, and educational.

It is no answer to this complaint to refer to the Tsarist tyrannies—we did show sympathy with the sufferings of the Poles; and there was a strong English protest against the brutalities of the Tsarist troops in Georgia after the Russo-Japanese War. If those protests were too feeble or ill-managed, why should we not improve on them now? From the little kingdom of Belgium has come more than one sign of sympathy with these sufferers in Georgia. A special messenger was sent by the Belgian Co-operators to investigate and expose the tyrannies inflicted by the Bolshevik invaders on Georgian Co-operative Societies. Cannot England once more follow the lead of Belgium in resisting tyranny? Proper pressure, now applied, may yet hinder more mischief. I am very far from agreeing with you in postponing the hope for a change of Russian Government to "the Greek Kalends." But a clearer utterance on the Georgian question, by the present British negotiators, is justified by our previous recognition of the Georgian Republic, and may help to sweep away other evils at the same time.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Hampstead, N.W. 3.

#### "LIBERALISM AND LABOUR."

SIR,—“Liberalism entails, in our view, a recognition that the economic structure of society requires radical and far-reaching change in accordance with principles whose detailed application will often be difficult and obscure. . . .”

This quotation may represent the view of those now responsible for THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, and certainly does quite inadequately represent the more negative views of the Labour and Socialist organizations, but I doubt whether it would be equally representative of the majority of either Liberal Party or their financial backers. Would THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM make its position clearer to its readers by saying rather more definitely what these principles are, and to some extent how they would be applied to immediate or fairly immediate problems, and in what directions the ways of the Labour Party “are not as our ways, nor its thoughts as our thoughts”?

Of the three points of difference indicated, it is surely unnecessary to indicate that the first—the undue exaltation of sectional interests of the skilled artisan—the more advanced Socialist and Communist sections of the Labour Party are doing their best to remedy by the solidification of the Trade Union movement in the direction of industrial as against craft unionism, with, I gather, the support of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.

The second point, that of doctrinaire rigidity, is probably based on a study of conditions obtaining twenty or thirty years ago, because it is clearly untrue of the rapidly developing Labour and Socialist movement of to-day. There is almost as much divergence of opinion as to methods and tactics within the Labour Party as there is apparent divergence of principle amongst Liberals.

The third point, that of allowing the division of political creed and party to follow the line laid down by economic or class interest, is too big a question to be dealt with in a few lines of a letter.

As to the questions raised early in this letter, will THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM make its position clear?—Yours, &c.,

P.

Manchester

#### "MAN'S BEHAVIOUR WHEN ALONE."

SIR,—Maxim Gorky's article on “Man's Behaviour when Alone” will, by some at least, be read with very mixed feelings. We are used to writers of a certain type—some distinguished, some not—exposing their own nakedness, sores included, with a certain recklessness and abandon, in a wild attempt to catch the public eye.

But let them at least have some respect for others. To my mind there is something unspeakably repulsive in the idea of a man going round with a concealed camera,

taking snap-shots of his friends and acquaintances in private or ridiculous moments, and then exposing them to the public gaze.—Yours, &c.,

A R. C.

May 21st, 1923.

#### "THE MYSTERY OF MR. W. H."

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to hear of a further unravelling of this mystery. Last week I came across the following entry of a baptism in the Parish Register of St. Saviour's, Southwark:—

“1592. December 28. Margaret Gryffin daughter of Edward a scryvener.”

The name of the scrivener Edward Gryffin occurs several times in Henslowe's “Diary,” and in the “Henslowe Papers,” in connection with Henslowe, Alleyne, Daborne, Chettle, and other members of the underworld of Elizabethan writers and literary “begetters” to which “Mr. W. H.” belonged.

This latest discovery adds to the probability that the William Hall who married Margery Gryffin at Hackney on August 4th, 1608, is the authentic “Mr. W. H.” of “The Sonnets.”—Yours, &c.,

B. R. WARD.

28, FitzGeorge Avenue, W.14.

May 22nd, 1923.

#### CONTINUATION SCHOOLS IN GERMANY.

SIR,—It seems to me that it would be well for our educational authorities to note what is being done in Germany with regard to Continuation Schools for girls. The following extracts from letters recently received by a friend of mine, from a pupil at a Gewerbeschule in Cassel, throw a light on this subject:—

“I have been at the ‘Gewerbeschule’ since Easter, and am training to become a domestic economy teacher. I am now doing my preparatory year for the Seminary. We have both practical and theoretical work to do—cooking, washing, ironing, needlework, gardening, machine-sewing, mending of all kinds, embroidery, crochet, knitting, physiology, chemistry, dietetics, hygiene, housekeeping, bookkeeping, drawing. Next year I shall enter the Technical Seminary for a two years' course. There we shall chiefly have lessons in needlework and domestic economy, but also lessons in civics, German, pedagogics, and Methodik. After these two years in the Technical Seminary come one and a half years in the House and Handicraft Seminary. Then I shall have to decide whether I wish to become a teacher of cookery and domestic economy, or of dressmaking and millinery, or of needlecraft and art embroidery. Then I shall give lessons either at a training-school, like the one here in Cassel, or at one of the compulsory Continuation Schools, where girls from the Elementary Schools have to take a three years' course in cookery, housekeeping, and needlework.”

And a year later from the same pupil:—

“Last Easter I entered the Technical Seminary. . . . All the lessons are delightful and stimulating. Especially interesting are the psychology lessons. The teacher throws out a question, and the pupils have to discuss it as if in a conversation—the teacher skilfully making use of the various opinions, and by opening fresh points of view develops the subject further. The lessons in civics are also very stimulating. Our ‘Oberlehrerin’ gives us such a wealth of thought that we can hardly take them all in. We have been taking the Development of Socialism, and the other day we discussed the question: ‘What is social work, and how can we help the working community?’

“The lessons in drawing and history of art are delightful. Our teacher is a true artist, and has a keen appreciation of everything connected with art. Our lesson when we were talking of the Science of Colour—I was quite astonished how definitely she spoke of the various colours, and how she illuminated the subject from so many sides. I had never understood before the physical effect of the various colours by themselves and in combination with each other. Indeed, it seems that with colour one can represent everything! She has just been giving us a lecture about Impressionism and its development into Expressionism.

“I also enjoy the practical lessons. In each subject the instruction is very thorough, and is illuminated by so many sides that it is never dull. . . . In handicrafts we are going through the various techniques—weaving, macramé, raffia, bast-work, fine sewing, woolwork, and drawn-thread work. We have to design patterns ourselves—first paint them in colours, then work them. . . . It is delightful that our training is many-sided and not confined to the practical alone. . . .”

—Yours, &c.,

EDITH BUCKMASTER.

1, Porchester Terrace, W.2.



## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## THE RUSSIANS.

On a single morning there appear upon my table the following:—

"The Plays of Leo Tolstoy." Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (World's Classics. Milford. 2s.)

"A Russian Gentleman." By Serghei Aksakoff. Translated from the Russian by J. D. Duff. (World's Classics. Milford. 2s.)

"December the Fourteenth." By Dmitri Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by N. A. Duddington. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

"The Diary of Nellie Ptashkina." Translated from the Russian by Pauline de Chary. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Clearly, whatever may happen, under Lord Curzon's patriarchal care, to our trade relations with Russia, there must be a considerable demand among readers that our literary relations be extended by means of translations. These four books seemed a remarkable harvest for one May morning. Tolstoy, of course, I knew; Aksakov I knew; even Merezhkovsky I knew; but Nellie Ptashkina, I confess, I had never heard of. And so, after just satisfying myself that Tolstoy's Nicholas Ivanovich was still making his terrific speech in the drawing-room in the third scene of Act II. of "Light Shines in Darkness," after reassuring myself that Aksakov's grandfather was still following his regular custom of sitting on a woollen mat on the top step of his "beloved stoop" in order to watch the sun rise (for "to see sunrise gives every man a kind of half-conscious pleasure")—having done this, and leaving Merezhkovsky undisturbed in his paper wrapper, I opened "The Diary of Nellie Ptashkina."

THE "foreword" to this diary showed that ignorance of the author was excusable. Nellie Ptashkina was a young Russian girl who in 1920 at the age of seventeen was killed while climbing in the Alps. Her diary, now published, covers the years 1918 and 1919, when she was living in Moscow and Kiev under Bolshevik rule. The craze for printing the diaries of remarkable little girls, some of whom are Freudian and some fakes, has been overdone lately. I all but closed the diary of Nellie, and all but put her away with Merezhkovsky, in terror that I might find another little Opal in her pages. But the first entry caught my eye and held my attention. It was written on January 13th, 1918, when Nellie Ptashkina was fourteen years old, and it runs: "I should very much like this part of my diary to show my spiritual growth, to be different from what I have written before." Freudian or fake, I thought to myself, how characteristic that is; only the Slavonic Ptashkina, the spiritual daughter of Aksakov and Tolstoy and Dostoevsky and Chekhov, the product of intense passions and interminable talk, could have written so directly and so simply, at the age of fourteen, about her "spiritual growth." The sentence could not possibly have occurred to the Anglo-Saxon sentimentalized Opal, or even to the Teutonic Rita of the "Young Girl's Diary."

I READ on, and eventually finished the book. It is interesting, not for what it tells one about the Bolsheviks—though there is a good description of the "search" of a house in Kiev—but for what it tells one of Nellie Ptashkina. She was naturally a remarkable child—for otherwise her diary would not have been published—a little Freudian, somewhat senile, but, above all, a Russian. On February 17th, 1918, when still fourteen years old, she writes:—

"But nevertheless Father is a good man, i.e., there is much that is good in him. And generally speaking,

there are no people who are completely bad. In each one there is a particle of goodness. . . . I do not like him because of his lack of understanding. But I do not *always* have this feeling. Sometimes I am sorry for him. Deeply sorry."

Again, how direct, how true, how Russian! The feeling expressed in this paragraph is not uncommon in Anglo-Saxon nurseries and schoolrooms; but no Anglo-Saxon Nellie has ever faced it intellectually and analytically, or, if she had, could write it down without fuss or sentimentality, as Nellie Ptashkina wrote it.

\* \* \*

THIS "Diary" is infinitely far from being a great book, yet you can go straight from it to Tolstoy's plays and Aksakov's grandfather and feel that all three are of the same kith and kin. "Sometimes words are alive, and sometimes they are dead," Nellie Ptashkina casually remarks somewhere in this diary. What has made Russian literature so remarkable during the last hundred years, and so powerful an influence upon European literature, is that Russians, unlike most of us, seem to be able to write naturally words which are not dead but alive. I say "naturally," because this power is not confined merely to the Tolstoyes, the Turgenevs, the Dostoevskys, the Chekhovs, and the Gorkys. The words of Tolstoy's wife, a most unfortunately ordinary woman, and of Nellie Ptashkina drop from their pens with a vigour and vitality which seem to be denied to suburban ladies and schoolgirls in Britain, France, and Germany. It is not surprising that a country in which the words of suburban ladies and schoolgirls are alive should be able to produce Chekhovs and Gorkys. The two phenomena are, I believe, intimately connected. Wherever you have an outburst of great literature, as in Russia during the last century, it extends to, or, rather, is an extension from, a spiritual and intellectual movement having a very wide area. It is a commonplace that English, as ordinarily spoken or written in the Elizabethan age, had a vigour and vitality which to-day have completely evaporated. When the Queen of England speaks like Elizabeth, beginning her sentences with "God's Death, my Lord . . .", someone else will probably very soon be writing "King Lear," or, at any rate, "The Silent Woman," whereas, when the Queen of England speaks like Victoria or writes "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," someone will probably very soon be writing like Mr. Lytton Strachey.

\* \* \*

If one is asked what produces the rise and fall of national literatures and why the Russians should be able to write and produce Tolstoyes and Gorkys, while we cannot write, and produce — and —, perhaps one should reply with Tolstoy's favourite answer to an awkward question: "That's another thing." I believe, however, that there is some truth in what I hinted at above, namely, that the tremendous vitality of Russian literature is due in part to a curious combination of intense passion and interminable conversation. Nearly all Russians still really believe things and really feel things. (The effect of this politically can be seen both in Tsarism and in Bolshevism.) Upon this capacity for intense belief and passion they have superimposed an insatiable intellectuality and intellectual curiosity. The result, at one end of the scale, is "The Diary of Nellie Ptashkina," and, at the other, Dostoevsky.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## THE EAGLE AND THE WREN.

**Mansoul.** By CHARLES DOUGHTY. Revised Edition. (Cape. 21s.)

**Bucolic Comedies.** By EDITH SITWELL. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

"WHETHER by *aventure* or *sorte* or *cas*" these two volumes were sent to the reviewer tied up in the same brown paper and string; the appositeness of their fellowship grew clearer as first one book and then the other made its claim and counterclaim. After reading Mr. Doughty's "Mansoul," the feeling came of having suddenly encountered on a bare steppe some enormous giant carved from a jutting spur of granite, dating back to earliest dynastic times, yet with the original hard, determined lines of feature and regal adornment scarcely even weathered by rain or sand. More than this, the statue seemed ready for a further assault on the centuries, a more resolute Ozymandias. And yet what is the significance of Miss Sitwell's "Bucolic Comedies," read immediately after "Mansoul"?

The two generations separating the authors—and it must be remembered that Mr. Doughty's insulation from his younger artistic contemporaries is almost disdainfully complete—the lapse of these two generations has not affected the particular statue that Mr. Doughty raises with "Mansoul." Yet the basketful of small, shattered, shining pieces of stone, Miss Sitwell's contribution to English poetry, wherever a piece or two here and there can be putatively reassembled, broken edge to edge, hints at a once grand statue contemporary with Mr. Doughty's, but recently overtaken by a worse fate than Ozymandias suffered, more than mere barbaric detraction. Only high explosive or such a terrific cataclysm as is said to have lately overwhelmed the stone giants of Easter Island could have shattered the defiant structure into these myriad flakes and pebbles, still hot to the hand. In Miss Sitwell's basketful there are interesting geological studies of the various quartzes and unexpected veins of metal; but, except for the passing moralist, reference to the statue as a statue of such-and-such a character is irrelevant; the geology and the many-faceted shine give the chief interest.

Both writers have been considerate in labelling their works of art. The motto to "Mansoul" is "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good." To the "Bucolic Comedies" there is this: "Hell is no vastness; there are no more devils who laugh or who weep—only the maimed dwarfs of this life, terrible, straining mechanisms, crouching in trivial sands and laughing at the giants' crumbling." "Mansoul" is an epic proper; the implication of the epic form is that a phase of cultural disharmony and reconstruction has become recognizable and comprehensible in a wide literary scheme. Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," celebrated in "Mansoul," sum up and round off the conflict between the Saxon and Norman-French ideas; thereafter we have modern English literature. Milton's "Paradise Lost" sums up and rounds off the wider conflict between the Hebraic, Classical, Romantic, and English ideas. After each epic that appears, there is never anything more to be said for a while in the grand style; there follows a so-called decadence, but this only implies a shifting of interest from cultural to individual interests, when the cultural question has found its particular solution. "Mansoul" makes a third grand companion to the "Tales" and "Paradise Lost"; its scope is more ambitious. Mr. Doughty is a great humourless scholar like Milton, but also a traveller and man of action like Chaucer. The expansion of England since the Civil Wars has, moreover, brought into view new cultural distractions and alliances. So in this third epic the Almighty is no longer merely the God of the Gospels who can accept Knight, Prioress, Plowman, and Yeoman into His graces so long as they accept His Son's Divinity; nor merely this God of Christendom uncontradicted and broadened by the Classical Renaissance. He is a wider God claiming to be the All-Father of the World, a fusion of the God of Christendom (and His constituent godheads) with Allah, Buddha, the ancient God of the Chinese, and others. Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Caedmon, and Oberon the Celt speak on equal terms as

prophets, all subscribing to the eternal wonder of the All-Father.

"Mansoul" is a colossal achievement, hammered, compact, and in its context final, the widest possible statement of the Patriarchal idea, and, if at times the glories of the British Empire are apparently emphasized unduly at the expense of other nations, that is characteristic of the Patriarchal idea. As there is one God above the other gods in Heaven, so there must be one prophet above the rest; here it is "Jeshua." So also one nation must be advanced above its fellows—I do not wish to write irreverently, but it is as though the British Empire were "in the Headmaster's house." "Mansoul" appeared first in 1920, and was in part a celebration of the downfall of the German Empire; there has been no excision, we judge, in this new edition of 1923:—

"MANSOUL: Who set them on?

"THE VOICE: A mountebank criminal crowned;  
Regent himself esteeming on World's ground  
Of the All-Mighty UPHOLDER of the  
UNIVERSE.

Frown of his Tamerlanish countenance  
Deemed he, helmed, strutting forth should  
quell West World  
He who at no time rebuked  
The Inhuman the Satanic outrages  
Of brutish kerel-hordes whom he com-  
manded."

"Mansoul" closes with a vision of a temple prepared for the

"Thrice-Holy, All-only, Eternal, Fatherhood  
Which hath revealed Himself in all the earth."

The various nations wait for the opening of the Temple Gates seated on "ground-sills of jasper-rock" and ranked, of course, "according to their degree."

It is peculiarly fitting that the most extreme reaction in modern poetry against the Patriarchal system and its accompanying philosophies should find its expression in the poetry of a young woman. Even Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses," unwieldy and rambling a book as it is, has a certain hopeful structure, in spite of self-laceration, and at any rate emulates the religious maxim of the Aztecs of old who "left nothing to chance." Miss Sitwell has commendably no fear of leaving even sense to chance, since Chance rules the world of her experience. Her poetic comments are either like the confused babble of some last survivor, where delirious visions of apparent irrelevance are jumbled with the catastrophe he has witnessed; or, at their clearest, suggest the purposed but whimsical scabbings of King David against the walls of his prison cell. "Bucolic Comedies" are a funeral dirge for Queen Anne and Sir Robert Walpole, for the Grand Mogul, the King of China, the Emperor of Spain, Queen Victoria and her loyal laureate, admirals and country gentlemen, and for all other people similarly symbolic to Miss Sitwell of an overblown and impossible imperialism. The range covered by these characters corresponds curiously with that of "Mansoul."

Manners and morals are hopelessly involved in the breakdown of the system, and even in the war of flesh against spirit Miss Sitwell is impartially disgusted at either side—as championed respectively by the Emperor's ape and the ketchup-loving Bishop in this poem:—

"Said Pompey, the emperor's ape,  
Shuddering black in his temporal cape  
Of dust: 'The dust is everything—  
The heart to love and the voice to sing.  
Indianapolis  
And the Acropolis,  
Also the hairy sky that we  
Take for a coverlet comfortably.' . . .  
Said the Bishop,  
Eating his ketchup:  
'There remains Eternity  
(Swelling the diocese)—  
That elephantiasis,  
The flunkeyed and trumpeting sea!'"

Sentimentality and gallantry break down under Miss Sitwell's cross-examination; the dairymaid, with her hooped petticoat; the little Infanta dancing the Lavolta; childhood memories of nursery-tea and walks in Kew Gardens; the delights of Punch and Judy and the harlequinade—all these are petulantly discarded with the system for which they were alleviation. Things might be better if it were possible to accept the sentimental communistic alternative, but the distaste implied in Miss Sitwell's phrase, "Flat as equality," bars that road.

So far from being an essay in triviality, as some critics assert, Miss Sitwell's poetry is typical of life subjected to extreme pressure. To make an analogy from natural history: an animal when threatened by an enemy has a variety of resources. It may react in direct aggression—which corresponds with realism and satire; it may react in precipitate flight—which corresponds with the poems of Pastoral escape, and poems of childhood and white magic, familiar to readers of "Georgian Poetry"; there is a further resource, the frenzy, which scientists no longer regard as a complete physiological breakdown, but as irregular activity calculated to disconcert and baffle the enemy. And, indeed, it is true that of all modern writers Miss Sitwell is regarded with the most superstitious dread by the elder and patriarchal generation: when a young person, evidently sincere, well-educated, of good family connections, as they would say; a young woman, too, mind you (therefore wounding them in their Achilles heel of Chivalry)—when this young person begins to question the axioms to which the complex structure of this society refers, there comes an uncomfortable feeling that the Day of Judgment is nearer than they feared.

Mr. Doughty is a great poet in the sense that school-books of the future are liable to talk of "The Age of Doughty"; but Miss Sitwell, though incapable at present of such structural feats, is, at any rate, the wren on the eagle's back, which, when the eagle could fly no further, soared up another fifty feet or so—for most readers of poetry she has flown quite out of sight, I fear; and until Mr. Doughty has achieved a wider recognition as a great poet, the significance and inevitability of Miss Sitwell can hardly be expected to appear. This is not to say that Miss Sitwell must always remain cramped by this scepticism; if ever something constructively hopeful strikes her, the work which she then does may be expected to have a breadth, depth, and solidity corresponding with the wide range of her present discontent.

ROBERT GRAVES.

#### MR. FORSTER'S NEW BOOK.

**Pharos and Pharillon.** By E. M. FORSTER. (Hogarth Press. 5s.)

"A SERIOUS history of Alexandria has yet to be written." But what would a "serious history" be? asks the belated Victorian, lingering over the ruins of the nineteenth century. Among these emerge what fragments of what proud edifices! Philosophy, narrative, literature, science cumber what were once streets with columns and architraves and stones and bricks; and on the evening wind is blown the small dust of their attrition, bare chronicles etiolated by the scepticism of a research that yet was not so sceptical as to doubt its own utility.

Modestly, demurely, humorously, advances from the ruin Mr. Forster with his book of essays. History, he hints, was once alive. Movements? Progress? Generalizations? I do not know! But people? Certainly! Real people; not historical characters. Athanasius and Arius were "clergymen"; Clement, not unlike a modern Theosophist wittily scoffing at orthodoxy. Caligula, that "charming and reasonable young man," was a Kaiser, not much madder nor more absurd than Wilhelm. "And these are the people," he said of Philo and his friends, "who think I am not a god. I don't blame them, I merely pity them. They can go." Philo and his friends, who went in deputation to the charming young man, were Jews. They exist still. "Look at them in the railway carriage now. Their faces are anxious and eloquent of past rebuffs. But they are travelling First."

In some hands history, thus made present, ceases to be the past. Mr. Bernard Shaw's account, for instance, of Jesus Christ reminds us mainly of Mr. Shaw. Palestine has vanished and the Mount of Olives, and Jesus is talking in Grosvenor Road, or at the Fabian Society. But Mr. Forster's people move in their own atmosphere. True, they are just like us. But their climates and clothes, their cities and politics, remain what they were, and different. Their problems, perhaps, were not so different. Most of them were stated centuries ago, and remain still unsolved. Very likely there are people still, somewhere perhaps in England, who wonder "whether it was an angel or a devil who had said 'Miaou.'" Christians still dispute on the points that

divided Arius and Athanasius. They are still exercised about the double nature of Christ. But in all this there is one new thing, and it is tremendous in its consequences. There is what we call science, whose false dawn came in Greece, some two thousand years ago, and in whose true one we live. But the minds that use this science are as foolish and puerile as ever. And that is why science may have come to life only to destroy its creators. Otherwise, everything is the same, noise and fury, armies and empires, churches and faiths, like a dissolving dream, enveloping the same unceasing swarm of mannikins in the sweep of their unsubstantial fires.

It is these mannikins that Mr. Forster's disillusioned eye divines and recreates, with such tenderness, such humour, and such infallible insight as, perhaps, are only possible to an age that has seen through everything, except life itself. The writer of whom he most reminds us is Anatole France. Only with the difference that he is English and not French, and therefore humorous instead of witty; and that, behind his scepticism, possibly there lurks the ineradicable English belief that nevertheless the labyrinth has a key. From a Greek poet, C. P. Cavafy, whom he is, I think, the first to introduce to English readers, Mr. Forster translates the following, entitled "The God Abandons Antony":—

"When at the hour of midnight  
an invisible choir is suddenly heard passing  
with exquisite music, with voices—  
Do not lament your fortune that at last subsides,  
your life's work that has failed, your schemes that have proved  
illusions.  
But like a man prepared, like a brave man,  
bid farewell to her, to Alexandria who is departing.  
Above all, do not delude yourself, do not say that it is a  
dream,  
that your ear was mistaken.  
Do not condescend to such empty hopes.  
Like a man for long prepared, like a brave man,  
like the man who was worthy of such a city,  
go to the window firmly,  
and listen with emotion,  
but not with the prayers and complaints of the coward  
(Ah! supreme rapture!)  
listen to the notes, to the exquisite instruments of the mystic  
choir,  
and bid farewell to her to Alexandria whom you are losing."

And one other thing Mr. Forster slips in: "So much is certain—either life entails courage or it ceases to be life." That courage of scepticism may be a surer ground than the clouds of lurid smoke through which the Alexandrians moved, and we move still. Upon it, perhaps, men may yet build.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

#### PAUL GAUGUIN.

**The Letters of Paul Gauguin.** Translated by RUTH PIEL-KOVO. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

THERE are some people whose struggle with this world has been so one-sided and unsatisfactory that they have been, as it were, beaten back into themselves, made hard under the hammers of Fate. The attacks and cruelty of their fellow-men awake some kind of compensating self-assertion in them which makes them say, with a self-satisfied, mysterious smile, when they are called to account for their activities, "Yes—I am like that." Their discontent with life has been balanced by a curious content with themselves, and they look on their sufferings as only further evidence that they are misunderstood and undervalued. This results in an attitude of suspicion and hatred which shows itself in unconventuality and retirement from the world.

Paul Gauguin was "like that." Reduced by his own actions to poverty and disease, he rallied from his tropical refuge against mankind. He regarded himself as misunderstood, and the harder the blows fell upon him the clearer did he become aware of his own importance and potentialities. Some of his remarks are of a kind which one meets with over and over again, made by people who enter into conversation with one in cafés or restaurants. They are, in some way, indicative of a struggle against inferiority. "You are right, my friend," he says, "I am a strong man who can bend Fate to my will"; and he tells of a perfectly ordinary incident, adding, rather self-consciously, "No—it's only to me that such things happen."

Gauguin's father was a journalist who died soon after his son was born. They were on their way to Peru, where



his mother had a wealthy relative; by his means the two were able to live in comparative affluence, first in Lima, and then in Orleans, where the boy was educated. He joined the merchant marine, disliked it, and gave it up after three years. Then he found a place with a stockbroker, where he earned sometimes as much as 30,000 francs a year, and married a Danish girl by whom he had five children. Suddenly there came a change. He decided to take up painting. He left his post with the stockbroker, packed his wife and children off to Denmark, and painted pictures in the manner of the Impressionists. In 1887 he scraped together enough money for a visit to Martinique, which left him with a longing for the mysteries of the jungle and the queer, incomprehensible, bewildered natives with whom we have become familiar in his work. Poverty was now starting to crush him, and he grew more and more bitter. He had broken with the Impressionists, and was painting on his own at Pont-Aven. Then came his disastrous visit to van Gogh at Arles, from which he hurried back to Brittany, haunted by the image of his friend creeping behind him with the open razor. He could bear it no longer; he sold all his possessions and fled to Tahiti.

This is where the letters to his friend Daniel de Monfreid begin. In the very first, written on his way, we find the theme which runs through them all—the want of money. No letter goes by without a frantic appeal. He suspects his dealers, he grudges his wife the little she managed to scrape together for her own use, and he chafes at the occasional irregularity of his friend's replies. It took over two months for letters to reach Tahiti from France, and there he was, without the means of return, and with hardly the means of subsistence. And not only that, he was attacked by that disease which, together with eczema of the feet, made physical life a burden to him for the rest of his life.

At last he managed to return, and writes from Marseilles: "I arrived to-day—Wednesday—at noon, with four francs in my pocket." He had wired to his friend "asking for two hundred and fifty francs to help me out, here at Marseilles." Next we find him in Paris: "I have made a sacrifice and have rented 8, Rue de la Grande Chaumière (I even paid the rent in advance with money borrowed from the woman who runs the milk-shop opposite)." He did not stay long. He was unsuccessful wherever he turned, and, shattered by the cold, bleak civilization of *cette sale Europe*, he hastened back to the warm colours of the South Sea Islands.

Shorn of all the romantic glamour of the legendary painter returning to Nature, and living with savages as a savage, he emerges from the letters which follow selfish, callous, self-assertive, and miserable. It is an amazing picture of a solitary individual, almost grotesquely tortured by poverty and physical pain. For days on end he was in hospital—spending his sleepless nights weaving plans: "Find about fifteen people who either understand my work, or who wish to make money out of it. . . . Each year I will send fifteen good canvases in advance . . . these people will send me 2,400 francs a year." And then he would lie and think over "all my struggles to keep clean the dignity I have forced myself to maintain all through my life." Once he was reduced to doing drawings for a Government office. This brought him again into contact with the white civilization which he had fled, and, as soon as he could afford it, he went back to his bungalow, his painting, and his mistress—almost the only individual he seems to have cared for. We see him waiting, feverish with excitement, for the mail, shattered with disappointment at finding "nothing from Chaudet," and dashing off an appeal for money, boots, or guitar-strings to Daniel de Monfreid, and then waiting again, often unable to paint because of the pain in his feet, spending his time inventing reasons why no money came, and writing frenzied letters of complaint. His one wish was for peace; and once he made the attempt, but it, also, failed. "Whether the dose was too strong, or whether the vomiting counteracted the action of the poison, I don't know; but after a night of terrible suffering I returned home." So he dragged on, filling a prodigious number of canvases, until, in 1903, he died, on the Marquesas Islands, where he had retired to be more alone, and where he again came into conflict with

Europeans, and insulted a policeman. The letters are very well worth reading, not only because they are the letters of Gauguin, but because in them one gets a clear, hideous reflection of a man's reactions to the overwhelming and almost ceaseless hostility of the outer world.

S. S.

#### NOVELTIES.

**Paul Redway.** By G. A. PALEY. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

**Victoria.** By KNUT HAMUN. (Gyldendal. 5s.)

**Love's Pilgrim.** By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

**Sinners in Heaven.** By CLIVE ARDEN. (Parsons. 7s. 6d.)

THE merry month of May is the time for searching out the rare English pastorals—for "Under the Greenwood Tree," "The Compleat Angler," "Love in the Valley." Mr. Paley, in a first novel, describes the rather sordid career of an undistinguished Etonian; we have, therefore, to guard against intolerance.

The influences in the life of Paul Redway are brandy, sex, and his wife; those in the life of Ethel Redway are sex and brandy. Not intellect, nor poverty, nor Providence ever forces either of them to face their own instincts; their personality remains unaltered; only the lines become grooves, the shadows spread. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, in the preface, puts a dangerous premium on the book by describing it as "out of 'The Way of All Flesh,' by 'The Young Visitors.'" But Plumpton Hall is neither "the Gaiety Hotel" nor Battersby Rectory. The author has chosen his characters from that Dead Sea of society—the lower members of the idle classes; from those who are affluent without ambition, mean without the self-assertiveness of vulgarity. They are indolent straws drifting upon a stream whose current has no significance. Samuel Butler compels us to witness with bitterness the iron being driven into Ernest's soul; Miss Daisy Ashford leads surely on to the scene of the great "proposale" at Windsor:—

"Oh Bernard Ethel sighed fervently I certainly love you madly you are to me like a Heathen god she cried looking at his manly form and handsome flashing face I will indeed marry you."

This moment is for the writer—and for the reader—the be-all and end-all of her work as certainly as with another authoress a hundred years earlier; the betrothal of Evelina to Lord Orville rewards and satisfies us at last. But in "Paul Redway" there is neither a natural climax nor development of character. Consequently, we can never become really interested in Paul.

The great merit of the book is the absolute matter-of-factness of the style. It is eminently and, for a first novel, surprisingly "safe." The women are well drawn; little "chocolate-box" Milly, for instance, who is laid bare by such a remark as this:—

"How pretty the church bells sound! When I listen to them, sitting among the trees, a sad feeling comes to me—I wonder why?"

Mrs. Green and Mrs. Redway are convincing, and Ethel is a close study of the Elinor Colhouse—Enid Watergate type. Mr. Paley can hit off a character in a line or in a paragraph; he can continue painting the same portrait for three hundred pages; but can he pursue and develop a changeable temperament through many experiences, emotional and intellectual? The beginning of the book is stagnant—it is like being told by one's friends about their friends—and the end rapid and melodramatic. But I complain of the material far more than of the manner of the book.

The Miller's son worshipped the Princess of the Castle; he saw visions; he became a famous poet. One day the Princess kissed him, but she gave her hand to another; she died, and sent a love-letter to the Miller's son; he is left to dream dreams. This is the love story of "Victoria," by Knut Hamsun. Mr. Hardy would use it to show the damnable caprices of the President of the Immortals; but, as it is written, there is no sense of Fate or of conflict with "whatever gods may be." Poetry and passion are poured forth to a fine excess, and yet they seem to dissipate rather than heighten the tragedy. One must not condemn "Romeo and Juliet" because it is not "Antony and Cleopatra"; but the book is not quite a success. Victoria is more of a

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**The German Revolution and After.** By HEINRICH STRÖBEL. Translated by J. H. STENNING. (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.)

OF making books about Russia there would seem to be no end. Journalists, like the plague of locusts, have gone there and left no green thing upon the trees. Their bright observations, their word-painting—or rather, their word-photography—are well enough in the pages of the daily papers, to glance at over the toast or in the Tube. But to merit reprinting they must be something more. Some sober analysis of tendencies, some exact information as to policy or progress, must redeem the triviality of surface observation, or some touch of literary skill must convert the photograph into a picture *sub specie eternitatis* of a revolution in being. Neither of the first two books on the Russian Revolution is redeemed from the commonplace by analytical power or by literary charm. They are frankly journalism, and not particularly good journalism at that. Mr. Rhys Williams is an enthusiastic young man for whom the Bolshevik can do little wrong. Much may be forgiven him for his faith in these days, when Bolshevik is used as a term of abuse as ignorantly as our forefathers used Jacobin. But faith is only a good weapon when tempered and sharpened by judgment and critical power, and Mr. Rhys Williams has neither. The reader turns impatiently aside from his schoolboy glee in his own part in addressing mobs and living with peasants. The only value of his book lies in its excellent illustrations, many of them reproductions in colour of Bolshevik educational posters. Mr. Mackenzie is a more sober observer, but he has little that is new to tell us; and when he has, as in the description of Siberia and the terrible prison at Ufa and the trial of the Social Revolutionaries in Moscow last June, he never rises above the level of journalism; and, it must be repeated, at this time of day mere journalism is not to be reprinted at 21s. the volume, even when accompanied by photographs.

The two German books are of a different calibre. Herr Kohn's pamphlet, for it is little more, deals also with the Russian Revolution, but *sub specie eternitatis*. It is a real interpretation. The key to his theory of revolution and of the success of the Bolshevik régime is to be found in the introduction, in which he uses Gorky's well-known story of his childhood to symbolize Russian history. The good-natured grandmother, suffering, rarely complaining, hard-working, superstitious, and aspiring, in a dim way, towards

a paradisaical future, is beaten this way and that by the autocratic, hard, half-educated, wilful grandfather. It is a parable of the impact of Western science, will, and organization upon an Eastern people. The essay is brilliantly written and well worth attention. So is Herr Ströbel's study of the German Revolution, but for the other reason which we indicated as justifying books on the post-war revolutions. It is not at all brilliantly written; in fact, it is, by an understandable paradox, dull and interesting at once. It is an analysis, by a prominent member of the Independent Social Democratic Party, of the course of the German Revolution and the reasons for its failure. Herr Ströbel, with a bitterness which he cannot keep out of his book, shows the total incapacity of the Social Democratic Party to make use of the Revolution when it arose, by reason of the divisions which had arisen in the Party during the war. The support of the war by the Right Socialists, and their entire swamping by the *bourgeois* parties when they gained control, were even more fatal to the success of a Socialist régime than the unpractical demands of the Spartacist group; and the Peace of Versailles, followed by the policy of the French Government, has had the result of re-establishing a Capitalist régime more strongly than before. It is a careful analysis of the disintegration of a party which no student of revolution or of Germany can afford to neglect.

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CENTRAL EAST AFRICA has been the scene of many shiftings of peoples; what may have occurred in early historic and prehistoric times no man can tell, and to judge by oral traditions which may be pieced together, the racial history of even the last few hundred years has not been uneventful. Roughly speaking, it may be said that in a westerly direction more pronounced Negro characters manifest themselves, whereas towards the east a finer type, with narrower and more prominent noses, is apparent, which is generally admitted to be due to mixture with the Hamitic peoples coming from yet further east, of whom the Galla are usually believed to be the group most implicated; but it seems probable that Hamitic (or Ethiopic, as some prefer to term it) influence dates back to times beyond the ken of modern tradition. The Negro peoples are essentially horticulturists, in addition to being hunters. The Hamitic peoples are essentially herdsmen, and, in the main, despise manual labour, whether on the land or in iron-working; they are also a mobile, military, and dominant folk. There seems to be good evidence that the domestic animals of Africa came from Asia, and probably the Hamitic peoples were responsible for many of them.

The Negroid peoples of the upper waters of the Nile, by their lanky legs and other characters, differ so much from the forest Negro type that they are usually spoken of as Nilotics, and it is not unreasonable to assume that they represent a very ancient cross between early Negro and Hamitic types. On the plateaus of East Africa, east of the Rift Valley, are various tribes which betray strong Hamitic physical and cultural features, such as the Masai and allied tribes. These seem to be groups analogous to Nilotics who have received a more recent infusion of Hamitic blood and culture. Such, in broad schematic features, is the setting of the drama of East African ethnology—local studies explain how it is enacted.

For example, the Lango, who live in Uganda, north of Lake Kioga, a flat, well-watered country, belong to the Nilotics. Apparently various Nilotic peoples once occupied the Bahr-el-Jebel and eastwards; then more powerful tribes, the Bari and Latuka, coming from the east some four hundred years ago, caused one branch, the Shilluk, to migrate northwards, and another, the Acholi, southwards. Later, the Lango were driven south by Hamitic immigrants and by a local famine, and eventually they occupied the then uninhabited land where they now dwell. At heart they



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are still a pastoral people, but are agriculturists, millet being their most important grain. They are a tall, dark-skinned folk, of fine physique, and have relatively thin noses and lips. They remove the two central lower incisor teeth, and decorate their bodies with raised cicatrices; their clothing consists almost entirely of ornaments; in all of which they resemble other Nilotics. On reaching puberty, a boy builds a very small hut on piles as a sleeping-place, and older men frequently do the same. The hut for unmarried girls is on the ground, and very much larger. The mode of life, social organization, religion, and magic of the people are adequately described by Mr. Driberg, the section on social organization being especially full; and the portion dealing with kinship conforms to the requirements of modern scientific ethnology. The latter half of the book deals with the Lango language and consists of a grammar, vocabularies, and a number of tales in the native language and in translation.

It has often been said in reproach of our administrative officers in various Protectorates that they do not write about the peoples among whom they live, and thus add to the scanty literature on backward peoples. There are, however, some notable exceptions, amongst whom must be classed Mr. J. H. Driberg of the Uganda Civil Service, who has published the excellent monograph which has just been referred to, a book which deserves a longer notice. It is significant of the appreciation in which Mr. Driberg is held and of the admitted value of his researches, that generous financial assistance for the publication of the book was given by the Uganda Government, and, what is even more gratifying, by the Council of Lango Chiefs. Sir R. T. Coryndon in his Foreword says: "I can commend the book to hundreds of young district officers in countries other than Uganda." The present writer is sending a copy to one official in Uganda in the hope that Mr. Driberg's example may be followed by others.

Kitara lies west of Lango, and was, at one time, the largest and most powerful of all the autocratic kingdoms in the lake region of Central Africa, but now it is much reduced and occupies only a secondary position. It seems to have been inhabited originally by several agricultural Negroid tribes, who were conquered by a pastoral people largely of Hamitic origin, traditionally of Galla stock. These Bahuma termed the aborigines Bahera, or serfs, and united the scattered tribes into one kingdom under a pastoral king. Some generations ago, a king introduced a new status among the agricultural and artisan people by making freemen (Banyoro) of men of ability or of those who had rendered special service. The children of such men might marry into most of the pastoral clans. The name of Banyoro was applied in derision to all the Bakitara by the Baganda, and, unfortunately, it has now become the official designation. The Bahuma practically lived on milk, but might eat beef, though only after and before an interval from drinking milk. Vegetable food was *tabu*; if a man had to eat vegetable food he would refrain from milk for a lengthy time. The Bahera were despised not on account of their poverty, but because anyone who ate vegetable food and cultivated the land, or worked at anything not connected with cows, was low and mean. All the Bakitara are totemic, though their totemism, as is usual in Africa, differs in many respects from typical Australian totemism. Canon Roscoe gives a very full and instructive account of the mode of life of the pastoral and agricultural elements in the population. The chief interest centres in the customs of the Bahuma, and the observances which hedge round the king are specially suggestive. He was an autocrat, holding absolute sway over the life, actions, and property of his subjects; he was on a level with the gods, and, in fact, was almost a god himself; but he was not the rainmaker. Despite his practically unlimited power, custom ordained that the king had to do certain actions and perform certain rites at specified hours of the day and night. However irksome the routine may have been, all had to be duly performed by him and by his suite, in order that the country might be prosperous. Very rigorous discipline and etiquette were observed, death being usually the penalty for the slightest infraction. For example, the king might drink milk at various times, but once in the day he ate four pieces of meat which the cook put into his mouth with a fork; if the cook inadvertently touched the teeth of the king with the fork

his punishment was immediate death. Of late years kings have been in the habit of eating vegetables and other food in secret; these meals were never mentioned, and no one was supposed to know about them. It is impossible even to indicate the wealth of new and important data which Canon Roscoe has compressed into the present volume.

This book is the first part of the Report of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition to Central Africa. The leader and sole investigator of the Expedition was Canon John Roscoe, who is so well known for his admirable book on the Baganda and for other ethnographical studies in Uganda. The Expedition was due to the munificence of Sir Peter Mackie, and was supported by a committee of the Royal Society. It is no exaggeration to say that no one else could have done such good work in so short a time as was accomplished by Canon Roscoe, whom Cambridge men are proud to claim as one of themselves.

A. C. HADDON.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**Frederick Law Olmsted, Landscape-Architect (1822-1903).**—I. **Early Years and Experiences.** Edited by F. L. OLMSTED, Jun., and THEODORA KIMBALL. Illustrated. (Putnams.)

It appears from the preface to this volume that it is only the first of a series dealing with Olmsted's work as a "landscape-architect," a profession which seems to be recognized in America, but has no exact counterpart in this country. Town-planning in England is now assuming the dignity of a science as well as a fine art, and several pushful persons have also christened themselves "garden-architects." A landscape-architect apparently undertakes town-planning, just as an ordinary architect is ready to do, and most of the members of our Town-Planning Institute are architects. But, in America, Olmsted set the fashion of laying out the great public parks both scientifically and artistically, making everything, from vistas to drains, part of his business. It will be easier for us to estimate the value of his work when the later volumes of the series appear, for the present one is concerned with the minor details of his life and career. It contains much that is trivial, but is relieved by an interesting description of his early childhood—a charming picture of primitive New England a century ago.

**The Fortieth.** By J. C. GREEN. (Hobart: Vail. 7s. 6d.)

CAPTAIN GREEN's record of the "Fighting Fortieth" from Tasmania is one of the best unit histories hitherto seen, and there is no doubt that his method of collecting material largely made his success. He began, immediately after the Armistice, while the 40th A.I.F. was still in France, to amass detail and opinion from the survivors, and to revisit the ground on which they had fought. Add to this advantage his at times unpolished but exceedingly vigorous, ironical style, and his intense love for the battalion to which he was adjutant; his position of frankness, and his deep technical knowledge of the Western Front warfare. The "Fortieth" went into trenches for the first time at Armentières in December, 1916. They evidently wanted to make up for their absence from the Somme by the number of raids and offensives which they struck up during the next two years. In the old Australian phrase, "the merry round of pleasure never stopped." Messines—and Passchendaele—and again Passchendaele—and so the battles pass before the mind until "over the top" towards the close of 1918 becomes a habit, and in the strange confusion of an American repulse the "Fortieth" end their fighting career at the Hindenburg Line. They went about their tasks with incredible resilience; but the excellence of their historian lies in his never forgetting this: "A man who says he went into battle with a light heart is either a liar or a mental perverser."

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**Diario Sentimentale: Luglio, 1914 — Maggio, 1915.** By ALFREDO PANZINI. (Rome-Milan: Mondadori. 8 lire.)

THE quiet, sceptical aloofness of Panzini's outlook makes him peculiarly fitted to reflect the cross-currents and confusion of ideas and ideals that ended in Italian intervention. It is difficult to give the effect of these varied and detached reflections and observations, which he calls sentimental because there is no method or guiding philosophy underlying them. The Virgin, he thinks, would never have sacrificed her son had she seen what was coming. "Ah, io ho presso di me questa scarna, macera, gelida ironia che mi apre gli uomini e le cose e non mi fa vedere se non ciò che è più triste e più vano," is his comment when Sibilla Aleramo is surprised at his lack of enthusiasm over D'Annunzio's speeches. The death of the discoverer of the diphtheria germ coinciding with the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, which did so much to bring about Italy's decision, sets him ruminating upon the blessings of science. Then there is the business friend who points out that it is generally the good Samaritan who gets his head broken, and the talk with the born little profiteer when Panzini sets his class to write an essay on duty and the "Avanti," calling this the war of the Signori, which will be nothing to the class war that is to come, an attitude which helps to explain the anti-interventionism of many of the peasants. Anyone who knows Panzini will understand the charm of it all. "A poet has no debts, and when he says to his creditors, 'Don't bother me,' he ought not to be bothered," is his just and characteristic reflection on D'Annunzio's financial troubles.

\* \* \*

**The Decisive Battles of Modern Times.** By Lieut.-Col. F. E. WHITTON. (Constable. 12s.)

WHEREAS Creasy, in prefacing his "Decisive Battles of the World" in 1851, felt an apologetic tone necessary, in view of the peace and harmony in the air, Colonel Whitton surveys what has happened since and feels no such apology needed for continuing Creasy's labours. One wonders if he too will become an author associated with prize-givings and tree-calf. He has certainly summed up the preliminaries and progress of Vicksburg, Königgrätz, Mars-la-Tour, Tsushima, and the Marne in decisive fashion. He gives the broad effects, and, perhaps a little sparingly, he presents special moments and men with great skill of sober wording. His records of wheeling corps and wedges driven between armies are very clear and official; but he can take us, if he pleases, to spots where a dragoon shambles past, leading a commandeered cow, or the regimental colours are snatched out of danger by some perspiring and shouting opportunist. He gives, again, a curiously absorbing and puzzling account of Bazaine haunting the firing-line at Mars-la-Tour. In reading it, one is conscious of a certain fascination, perhaps because Bazaine himself was fascinated out of that intellectual aloofness proper to his command into a tour of the strange landscape of war.

## ART

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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Those who believe these words to be as true to-day as when Hazlitt wrote them will agree that their tone is

too ill-tempered to meet present circumstances. They break upon the wheel an overgrown but senile and almost inoffensive moth. The Academy is on its defence. It resembles a woman suspected of being mercenary, who, to clear her virtue, makes her appearance deliberately unattractive. The most serious vice of the Academy to-day is not its commercialism or its vulgarity, but its desperate dullness. It is a business house the aged heads of which are ruining it by their ignorance of public requirements. And the squadron of beautiful limousines which daily occupies the centre of its courtyard betrays at once the nature of its traffic and the cause of its present distress. It appeals to the rich (look at the prices of the pictures); but where the rich, boasting of their latest acquisitions, in the old days bandied the names of Peter Graham and MacWhirter, to-day they talk, and with greater knowledge and sincerity, of Daimler and Rolls-Royce. Few, nowadays, buy pictures by living artists, save those with some taste for painting, and these are more likely to buy Picassos or Matisse's, Sickerts or Duncan Grants, than the masterpieces of Burlington House. For one thing, they are obviously a safer investment.

This year's exhibition shows the usual features. Mr. Farquharson still paints snow. But Highland cattle have gone out, and in their place we have low landscapes with large skies; and iridescent sunsets and moonrises on the sea. Mr. Arnesby Brown and followers give us the former, with a peculiar acetylene lighting, and M. Olsson the latter, with Mr. Charles Simpson, Mr. Van der Weyden, and the Hon. Duff Tollemahe as his runners-up. Mr. D. Y. Cameron continues to paint theatrical visions of aniline locks among toffee mountains; Mr. Munnings, horses that have, like Roman athletes, been rubbed down with oil; Mr. Glyn Philpot, negroid and moudjikoid young men; and Mr. Tuke, his curious nudes, always posed with the same disarming discretion. In portraits, where markets are liveliest, Sir William Orpen and Sir John Lavery vie with each other in the flashiness of their effects, and anyone who has seen their work hanging in a stately home by the side of ancestral Gainsboroughs or even Romneys, must hope that only the newly rich can now afford to be painted by them. Mr. Sargent sends one portrait—a depressed and lifeless work. His influence has been responsible for a great deal, and he seems to know it. For, putting off that all too imitable tinsel, he here paints in sackcloth and in ashes. Then there is a portrait of the Duchess of York by Mr. J. St. Helier Lander, and one of the Queen by Mr. Ranken. Can Majesty really like to look as if just taken out of a cardboard box from Hamley's? One remembers "le Prince Von" in Proust who protested against the theory that the Kaiser was without discrimination in art; his taste, on the contrary, was infallible—as an indication of badness.

Never was there painting so unacademic as this at Burlington House: it recognizes no rules and retains no traditions. Each "artist" is a law to himself, an anarchist in paint, an extreme and convinced decadent. One cannot even start to apply to such work the ordinary canons of æsthetic criticism. The pictures stand, or fall, by entirely different standards. This is no question of style or school. A bad Cubist is as tiresome as a Royal Academician—though less quickly found out. One doubts if many of the exhibitors have any feeling for form at all. Sir William Orpen would make, one fancies, an admirable caricaturist; and Mr. Clausen perhaps an agreeable Georgian poet. But why drag in Art? The patient crowds of us who climb the majestic staircase of Burlington House, who buy that fat little book of Cambridge blue, and with our carefully sharpened pencils mark the numbers of the pictures that excite us—what do we care for Art? We want to be interested, and what interests us is subject. Every year everyone says that

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the Academy is worse than ever. Why? Because taste is better, or the pictures worse? No; but because there are every year fewer problem pictures, historical pictures, and subject-pictures generally. The exhibitors, however, seem to think it is because their work is not sufficiently like real painting; and dull landscapes and undecorative "Still Lives" increase, while subject-pictures are not painted, or, if painted, are skied. Only last year a picture by Mr. John Collier was rejected; yet everyone knows that he has brought more visitors through those elaborate turnstiles than any other painter. After exhibiting for some thirty years he is not even an Associate. Why? Has his work less æsthetic value than that of Mr. Frank Dicksee, Mr. Charles Sims, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, and the rest of them? Of course not; but the snobbery of the present is against the subject-picture. Landscape may be sentimentalized and portraits melodramatized, but the honest piece of narration is despised.

Room XI. is called the Bolshevik or Jazz Room, because it contains the would-be "modern" works; and depressing affairs they are, with the exception of a portrait by Monsieur Jacques Blanche—the most attractive picture in the Exhibition, *et encore*. . . ! The Academic view of this alarmingly live modern art is evidently gained from furtive visits to that abandoned eyrie, the New English Art Club! But is it fair to blame the Committee of Selection for the absence of our best English painters? Mr. Gertler and Mrs. Bell do not, I fancy, submit their work: if they did, who knows if it might not be accepted?

Dismiss, then, all thought of formal beauty, and see what there is to interest us by narrative, drama, or associations. Stand a few minutes before Sir William Orpen's "To the Unknown British Soldier in France." "This," we nudge each other into attention, "is the Picture of the Year." Then the uncomfortable silence of bewilderment. . . . "What does it mean?" (with disappointment); "The Light Beyond!" (hopefully); "Why Verrocchio?" (this lady knows her Florence); and, from a more perceptive or courageous member of the crowd, "Bad taste, I call it!" For the picture is too vague to be worth, as satire, the canvas it is painted on. One thinks of Daumier or Forain and passes on. Then "The Delinquents," by Mr. Russell Flint: a half-nude woman and man being flagellated before some interested people in Spanish costume. This is more exciting, and more admired. Mr. Flint deserves a rise. And after that a picture of "Nelson's First Prize," another of "The First News from Trafalgar: 1 a.m., Nov. 6, 1805," one of "Drake's Audience with Queen Elizabeth," a representation of "Undine" that has to be seen to be believed in, a few of Scriptural subjects, and that is almost all.

Yet the world is still full of a number of things. The Irish wars might inspire a younger Lady Butler, the exiled Kaiser an Orchardson, and Bolshevik massacres a Millais or a Holman Hunt. Archaeology has made great strides since the days of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—witness Mr. Walcot's recently shown reconstructions of ancient temples; and the Luxor discoveries would provide an admirable opening for an Egyptian Alma Tadema. Besides, do people no longer lie or cheat at cards? Has Harley Street ceased to sentence and to save? The most sophisticated and the most ingenuous alike can study with interest the pictures of Frith and Augustus Egg: it is unlikely that either class can help being bored by the work of Mr. George Henry, R.A., Mr. La Thangue, R.A., and Sir David Murray, R.A. We do not expect at Burlington House to experience the disinterested ecstasy of an æsthetic emotion; but we do hope to be instructed, intrigued, amused, or somehow entertained. And, unless the Academicians can manage this, it is to be feared they will soon have to put up their handsome shutters. For if a shop is to survive it must give people at least the illusion that they are getting their money's worth.

R. M.

## MUSIC

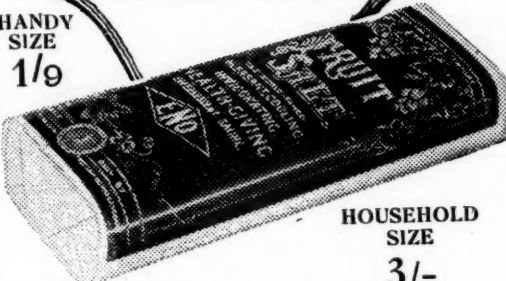
### THE PERFECT FOOL; or, THE PERFECT OPERA.

It seems that there is a danger that by the time these lines are in print Holst's "Perfect Fool" may be decisively labelled as a "spoof opera." On the other hand, solemn questions have already been asked as to what Mr. Holst is driving at; nor have we been disappointed of the note of the sea-captain who put down "Gulliver's Travels" with the protest that he didn't believe a word of it. Now, while it is almost more important to see jokes than to make them, there are some jokes which can be seen only by those who take them seriously. Analysis is not a good process for elucidating either the higher or the lower forms of humour, unless it can be so directed as to leave the humour to speak for itself; and the humour of the "Perfect Fool" is, both in music and in words and action, of a kind that might be called fool-proof but for the fact that its transparency belies its depth. Analysis might reveal its depth; but nobody is really fond of the professor whose scientific classification of forms of humour enables him to approve good specimens with the verdict, "Yes, there is that joke." A better way to deal with the humour of Holst's "Perfect Fool" might be to classify the people whom it annoys or puzzles. It is a touchstone. Like the touchstone in Stevenson's fable, it gives no startling exclusive illumination of its own; but when other mutually exclusive touchstones are brought before it they each glow with their proper light and cease to conflict among themselves; while prigs and humbugs are seen to smile but as a clock ticks. In other words, the "Perfect Fool" is a great work of art; and its vein of parody has the effect of renewing our appetite for the things parodied. At the risk of analyzing a joke I will call attention to what the Princess says and does not say when she is wooed first by an early-Verdi Troubadour and then by the wandering Wotan of "Siegfried." To the Troubadour she does not say that this sort of thing is out of date and that she doesn't care for *coloratura*; on the contrary, she carries off his cadenzas from the point where his efforts fail, and bids him "go home and learn to sing better"; and if she says that his voice will never win her, that is evidently because she knows his art better than he does himself. Moreover, the comic failure of the tenor to reach his top notes is by no means ugly in itself, and it results in exquisite pleasure (a pleasure which, for all its ridiculous simplicity, is new) when the Princess relieves him of them. Again, she does not tell the Traveller that Wotan is a bore and that life is not long enough to devote an hour to watching him plough Mime in *vivâ voce* "Literæ Humaniores." Instead she says, to the theme of young Siegfried's horn (as far as I have noticed, the only actual musical quotation in the work), "But, sir, I think we have heard this before." The dear old gentleman expostulates with "noisiest negative" until his own orchestral apparatus drowns his voice: but we shall all come back to the real Wagner with a fresh sense of the sublime pathos of the Wanderer. For Holst has stolen none of the Wanderer's original harmonies; he has mastered his own Wotanese, and done for Wotan what (*pace* Queen Elizabeth) Shakespeare did not do for Falstaff: shown him in love, and allowed the style to lapse into parody only after it has achieved its thrill of sublime contrast. In the same way the Troubadour's ridiculous song is by no means without the glamour of the genuine article. Of the three chords of the public-house pianist's vamping-tutor this style of art lives mainly upon two, the tonic and the dominant. The subdominant should not appear until the second part of the scheme (corresponding roughly to the short middle lines of a limerick), when the glorious melody is well under way and it behoves the voice to sound a warmer, deeper note. These principles Holst has mastered; and not until they are manifested does he permit the tune (apart from



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## SOOSLIKS

Soosliks are field rats, and during the months when the fields are free from snow many of the Russian peasants have had to catch and live on them.

Any members of the family may be selected for "Soosliking"; generally they are the children. Armed with buckets and a knife the hunter plods off to a field. When the water goes down the sooslik comes up. The starved urchin is waiting for him, he seldom misses him. . . . The hunter goes on, carrying more water, investigating more holes. . . .

The peasants in the famine area are being kept alive with relief rations; it is hoped that the forthcoming harvest will be enough to make relief unnecessary — *but until then we must not fail them.*

The Friends are also working in GERMANY where relief is being administered by the Council for International Service.

*Gifts of Money, earmarked for either country, should be sent to Friends' Relief Committee (Room 9), 10, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.*

*Gifts in Kind (Clothing, Soap, etc.) should be sent to the Friends' Warehouse, 5, New Street Hill, London, E.C.4.*

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the shock of its first appearance) to lapse into something suspiciously below its own modest pretensions.

And so we might continue, arguing that wherever the jokes and parodies are tested they ring true, that in every case "there is that joke." Incidentally, it will follow that Holst is just as cruel, or sympathetic, to his own style as he is to all the other objects of his persiflage. But the moral—yes, there is that moral—remains, namely, that this is, as I mentioned before, a great work of art. There is no "spoof" about it, any more than there is in Bach's "Phœbus and Pan" (also a review of musical styles) or Bach's "Coffee Cantata," or any other classic, comic or tragic. It has not even that last infirmity of noble parodists, a vein of irritability in reaction against the sublime. Two artistic virtues are at present almost violently out of fashion: the one, a sense of the sublime, and the other an all-round and constant mastery. Holst has both. Anybody who has heard the "Hymn of Jesus" would know *a priori* that, whatever the "Perfect Fool" was going to be, it was not going to have anything to do with "Parsifal." A master of the sublime may annihilate his worshippers with ridicule, but he will not dissipate the very subjects and sources of his inspiration, however much he may dislike the way other artists have used them.

The action and dialogue (both spoken and sung) in the "Perfect Fool" are so clear and the performance so adequate that I prefer to keep up the fiction (fairly successfully preserved as a fact before the first performance) that the spectator is to know nothing about them beforehand. But it is permissible to wonder if, consciously or psycho-analytically, the title-*rôle* originally symbolized the British Public, impossible to awaken, but possessed of a charm which impels the Spirit of Opera (the Princess) to woo it in vain. However, in the present instance the public seems unlikely to fulfil that *rôle*: a crowded house showed no sign of yawning: though the Fool, and a flute in the orchestra, showed how beautifully that can be done.

The first performance was worthy of the work. The scenery, lighting, and colouring are, according to the composer's score, left to the skill and taste of the producer. Mr. Oliver Bernard has achieved therein a standard comparable only to that of the composer, and in perfect keeping with the music in every detail. The ballet of Spirits of Earth, Fire, and Water, with which the opera begins, showed that Holst's ballet music, though already successful as a concert-piece, is as much happier on the stage as Wagner's "Walkürenritt"; in other words, that he is no more to be exploited as a purveyor of orchestral fireworks than Wagner.

Mr. Robert Parker is an impressive Wizard, who does not too soon become wholly comic; Mr. Walter Hyde achieved the delicate task of libelling his Troubadour's technique prettily; while Miss Maggie Teyte was, of course, perfectly at ease in showing him how to sing properly, but also almost at ease in singing pure Holst. I suspect that the most difficult part was that of the Mother (very naturally and convincingly rendered by Miss Edna Thornton). She has pure Holst to sing from beginning to end; and it is not for nothing that the evolution of European music has had to wait till the twentieth century before Holstian scales and rhythms can be entrusted to a voice accompanied by nothing but a faint violin harmonic as shrill and sustained as a singing gas-pipe. For perfectly steady intonation we must wait for at least one more generation to whom these things shall be familiar.

The work is particularly suited to Mr. Goossens's temperament, and a better example of orchestral and general ensemble would be hard to find. What more auspicious opening of an operatic season could be imagined than this delightful piece, which renews the listener's appetite for every kind of opera worthy of the arts of music and drama?

DONALD F. TOVEY.

## THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

AMONG recent lists received from the booksellers, Messrs. Suckling's "Engraved Portraits" promises to be of considerable utility to biographers and editors of correspondence or journals. It offers towards two thousand prints of "persons of importance in their day," doctors, dames, entomologists, benchers, bishops, engineers, and, indeed, all sorts of worthies.

Mr. FRANCIS EDWARDS catalogues "Crime" (in his 445th list). There seems to be plenty of material. What subject, indeed, is not "collected" nowadays?

A LETTER has been circulated, with the signatures of George Gordon, Constance Masfield, John Masfield, and Gilbert Murray, drawing attention to "The Oxford Recitations: A Contest in Verse Speaking." The actual competition will be held at Oxford in the Examination Schools, on July 24th and 25th. Professor Murray, Professor Gordon, Mr. Masfield, and Mr. Binyon will share in the adjudication with the President, Sir Herbert Warren. The necessary information and papers of entry may be obtained from Mrs. Masfield, Hill Crest, Boar's Hill, Oxford.

"MODERN MUSIC," an inquiry and discussion by Mr. Rollo H. Myers, is to be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul. "Frozen Music" is a chapter-heading in another neosophic volume announced by the same firm, namely, "The Beautiful Necessity," by Mr. Claude Bragdon. "The Beautiful Necessity" is expected to impinge on those "who have studied the work of Mr. P. D. Ouspensky." About the same time, M. Charles Baudouin's forthcoming book, "The Birth of Psyche," will appear in the English version of Mr. Fred Rothwell.

HUNGARY—and the truth? Yet another revelation of Hungarian history during the past four years is to be supplied, being Herr Oskar Jászi's "Magyariens Schuld, Ungarns Sühne," translated by Mr. E. W. Dickes, announced by Messrs. P. S. King. The Magyars will doubtless respond anon. Messrs. King are preparing also a work with the provisional title "Economic Conditions in Soviet Russia," by Prof. S. N. Procopovitch, who was Minister of Industry and Trade in the Kerevsky Government. Editions are being issued in Russian, French, German, and English.

A SLIGHT delay has befallen the "Queen's College Miscellany" for 1923—the occasional anthology of prose, poetry, and art, to which past and present members of Queen's, Oxford, contribute. It is hoped, however, that the number will be ready before the Long Vacation.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- May.  
 Sat. 26. English Association (Bedford College), 11 a.m.—Conference on "The Study of Shakespeare in Schools."  
 Royal Institution, 3—"Musical Education," Mr. J. B. McEwen.  
 Sun. 27. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Rationalism, Old and New," Mr. C. Delisle Burns.  
 Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C. 1), 5—"Shakespeare's Message to Humanity," Sir Sidney Lee.  
 Mon. 28. East India Association (Caxton Hall), 3—"The Future of the Indian Land Revenue," Sir P. J. Fagan.  
 Faraday Society (Institution of Electrical Engineers), 3.—Discussion on "The Physical Chemistry of the Photographic Process."  
 Royal Institution, 3.—"Speech Rhythm in Vocal Music," Section II., Sir Walford Davies.  
 University College, 5.—"Kant's Theory of Beauty and Sublimity," Lecture III., Prof. G. Dawes Hicks.  
 Aristotelian Society, 8.—"The Contact of Minds," Mr. C. Delisle Burns.  
 Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"Italian Renaissance Architecture," Mr. Geoffrey Scott.

## THE BIBLE AND THE BLIND

The National Institute for the Blind issues Bible portions in Braille type for the use of the blind generally, and is the only publisher of Bibles in Moon, a type specially suited for the aged blind.

The editions of both these, however, are very bulky, and there is a great need for a new and portable edition of the Bible in Braille. This is now being prepared by the National Institute, but to cover the cost of preparing the plates a sum of £1,100 is required. Of this £150 has already been received, and an appeal is now made for the remainder.

Will every reader of this journal, therefore, send a subscription to this special fund, so that the publication of the small edition may not be postponed?

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## ART GALLERIES.

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- Tues. 29. Royal Institution, 3.—"Discoveries in Egypt," Lecture II., Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie.  
Zoological Society, 5.30.—"The Skeleton of Lepidosteus," Mr. C. Tate Regan; and other Papers.
- Wed. 30. University College, 3.—"The Composition of the 'Divina Commedia,'" Barlow Lecture III., Prof. E. G. Gardner.  
Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The History of the Perambulator and Invalid Carriage," Mr. A. J. Sewell.  
British Academy (Royal Astronomical Society's Rooms), 5.—"Italian History and Art in the Fifteenth Century," Mr. E. Armstrong.  
University College, 5.15.—"Phases of Indian Geology," Lecture III., Sir T. H. Holland.  
University College, 6.15.—"Economic and Statistical Aspects of a Capital Levy," Newmarch Lecture II., Sir Josiah C. Stamp.
- Thurs. 31. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Nature of Enzyme Action," Lecture I., Sir W. M. Bayliss.  
Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Measurement of Thermal Conductivity," No. I., by Drs. E. Griffiths and G. W. C. Kaye; and other Papers.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Economic Situation of Czechoslovakia," Dr. F. Pavlísek.
- June.  
Fri. 1. Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The Indian Section of the British Empire Exhibition," Mr. A. Kendall.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The First Folio and the Publishers," Dr. W. W. Greg.  
Philological Society, 5.30.—"Dictionary Evening."  
University College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Swiss Literature," Lecture I., Dr. Paul Lang.  
Royal Institution, 9.—"The Radiation of Light," Prof. H. A. Lorentz (of Haarlem).

## THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

### SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- ATKINSON (Katharine). The Communist Menace. The Author, 10, Hamilton Terrace, N.W., 2/-.
- \*COLK (G. D. H.). Out of Work: an Introduction to the Study of Unemployment. Labour Publishing Co., 2/6.
- CONSETT (Rear-Ad. M. W. W.) and DANIEL (Capt. O. H.). The Triumph of Unarmed Forces: an Account of the Transactions by which Germany during the Great War was able to obtain Supplies. Williams & Norgate, 15/-.
- \*GOODWIN (John C.). Sidelights on Criminal Matters. Introd. by Sir Basil H. Thomson. Hutchinson, 18/-.
- HOUSING PROBLEM. A Statement of the Present Position. Consultative Committee of Women's Organizations, 5, York Buildings, W.C.2, 1/-.
- \*KINGSTON (Charles). Famous Judges and Famous Trials. 8 ll. Stanley Paul, 12/6.
- LOCK (Frank). The Nationalisation of Credit: the Only Cure for Industrial Unrest. Sydney, N.S.W., G. B. Philip & Son (Simpkin & Marshall), 7/6.
- MACDONALD (William). The Intellectual Worker and his Work. Cape, 7/6.
- MARCHANT (Sir James), ed. Youth and the Race: the Development and Education of Young Citizens for Worthy Parenthood. Kegan Paul, 15/-.
- \*O'BRIEN (George). An Essay on the Economic Effects of the Reformation. Burns & Oates, 7/6.
- \*RATCLIFFE (S. K.). Sir William Wedderburn and the Indian Reform Movement. Allen & Unwin, 6/-.
- ROBERTS (Dr. Harry). A National Health Policy. Labour Publishing Co., 3/6.
- VAERTING (Mathilde and Mathias). The Dominant Sex: a Study in the Sociology of Sex Differentiation. Tr. by Eden and Cedar Paul. Allen & Unwin, 10/6.

### MUSIC.

- GAY (J.). Polly: being the Second Part of "The Beggar's Opera." Fl. Heinemann, 15/-.
- \*HOLST (Gustav). The Perfect Fool. Words and Music, 6/-.—Words only, 1/- Novello.

### LITERATURE.

- \*BENNETT (Arnold). How to Make the Best of Life. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
- LAMONT (Archibald). South Africa in Mars. Grant Richards, 7/6.
- LUPTON (Edward Basil). Dickens the Immortal. Kansas City, Alfred Fowler (American Book Supply Co., 149, Strand, W.C.2), 8/6.
- MAIS (S. P. B.). Some Modern Authors. Grant Richards, 7/6.
- TOYNBEE (Paget). The Bearing of the "Cursus" on the Text of Dante's "De Vulgari Eloquentia." British Academy (Milford), 1/6.

### FICTION.

- \*AUMONIER (Stacy). Miss Bracegirdle and Others. Hutchinson, 7/6.
- \*BAILEY (H. C.). Mr. Fortune's Practice. Methuen, 6/-.
- \*BLASCO IBANEZ (Vicente). The Dead Command. Fisher Unwin, 7/6.
- CAMPBELL (Capt. R. W.). A Policeman from Eton: his Prairie Diary. Murray, 7/6.
- CARLTON (Grace). The Wooden Wedding. Parsons, 7/6.
- CHASTEL DE BOINVILLE (N. M.). The Lad. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.
- CHRISTIE (Agatha). The Murder on the Links. Lane, 7/6.
- COBB (Thomas). Peggy's Dilemma. Nash & Grayson, 7/6.
- \*COCOTEAU (Jean). Le Grand Ecart. Paris, Stock, 7, Rue du Vieux-Colombier, 8fr. 75.
- CRONIN (Bernard). Salvage. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
- FIVE STRIKING STORIES. Tr. from the French. Introd. by Alys E. Macklin. Philpot, 5/-.
- GREGORY (Jackson). Daughter of the Sun. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.

## FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

INVESTORS have short memories, and it is not easy to remember just what proportion the recent slight slump in Industrial securities bears to the previous rise. For such a comparison the index number of twenty representative Industrial Ordinary Stocks, published weekly by "The Economic Review," is very useful. It tells the following story:—

1919. Jan. 1	...	148	1922. Oct. 14	...	114
Nov. 1	...	173	Dec. 30	...	119
1920. Mar. 1	...	187	1923. Feb. 3	...	122
July 1	...	149	Mar. 3	...	129
Dec. 1	...	130	April 7	...	130
1921. Oct. 20	...	91	April 28	...	138
Dec. 31	...	100	May 11	...	135
1922. April 1	...	103	May 18	...	132
July 15	...	112			

In the past week there has been a further fall of about one point. Thus the reaction has merely obliterated the big improvement between April 7th and April 28th, and has lost very little of the progressive improvement of nearly 50 per cent. since the low point of October, 1921. The latter also shows how very far off we still are from the boom conditions of 1920. We are not yet back at the level prevailing immediately after the Armistice.

The reaction in the United States began a little earlier,—in the middle of March; and has progressed rather further. Indeed, the downward movement on the London Stock Exchange has not been by any means an isolated phenomenon. Staple commodities, of which the price is sensitive,—Copper, Tin, Rubber, Cotton, Jute and Linseed, for example—have suffered at the same time quite a substantial fall. Memories of the slump are still so vivid that markets are unduly nervous, and everyone is on the look-out to avoid losses like those of 1920-21. The Ruhr situation is also extremely damaging to confidence. Nevertheless, the underlying conditions do not seem to be compatible with any serious set-back. Money is cheap and stocks of many commodities are in short supply. The business world is borrowing too little rather than too much. A renewal in due course of the upward movement is therefore the more probable alternative.

We are reaching the season of the year when the first forecasts of the harvest prospects begin to appear. In India a large crop has been just gathered. The Argentine crop harvested at the beginning of the year has also been large,—20 per cent. better than last year. The Australian crop, however,—though this is not a big factor in the situation—was only moderate. The prospects in North America, to judge from the acreage and the condition of the winter-sown wheat, are fairly good, but are not unlikely to show some decrease on last year, when the Canadian crop realized a record figure. The most striking and fortunate feature, is the unusually good promise of the European crops. In France the acreage has been increased by 10 per cent., and the condition is very good. In Italy the acreage is only slightly better, but the condition is brilliant. Throughout Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Jugoslavia the prospects are satisfactory to good. It is too early to say much about Russia. But there is more land under wheat than a year ago, and the outlook is promising. M. Krassin has published an article forecasting a considerable export surplus next autumn. The only important exception to these favourable conditions is in Roumania, where there is a serious reduction in acreage, mainly due to a huge falling off in Transylvania, and it does not appear at present as though there would be much surplus this year for export. Our own crops are rather backward. There was not enough frost in the winter and too much cold lately. But whilst British farmers can never be cheerful, they need never despair. Anything can happen.

J. M. K.

